



THIS SIDE AND THAT.

ROSA EVANGELINE ANGEL.

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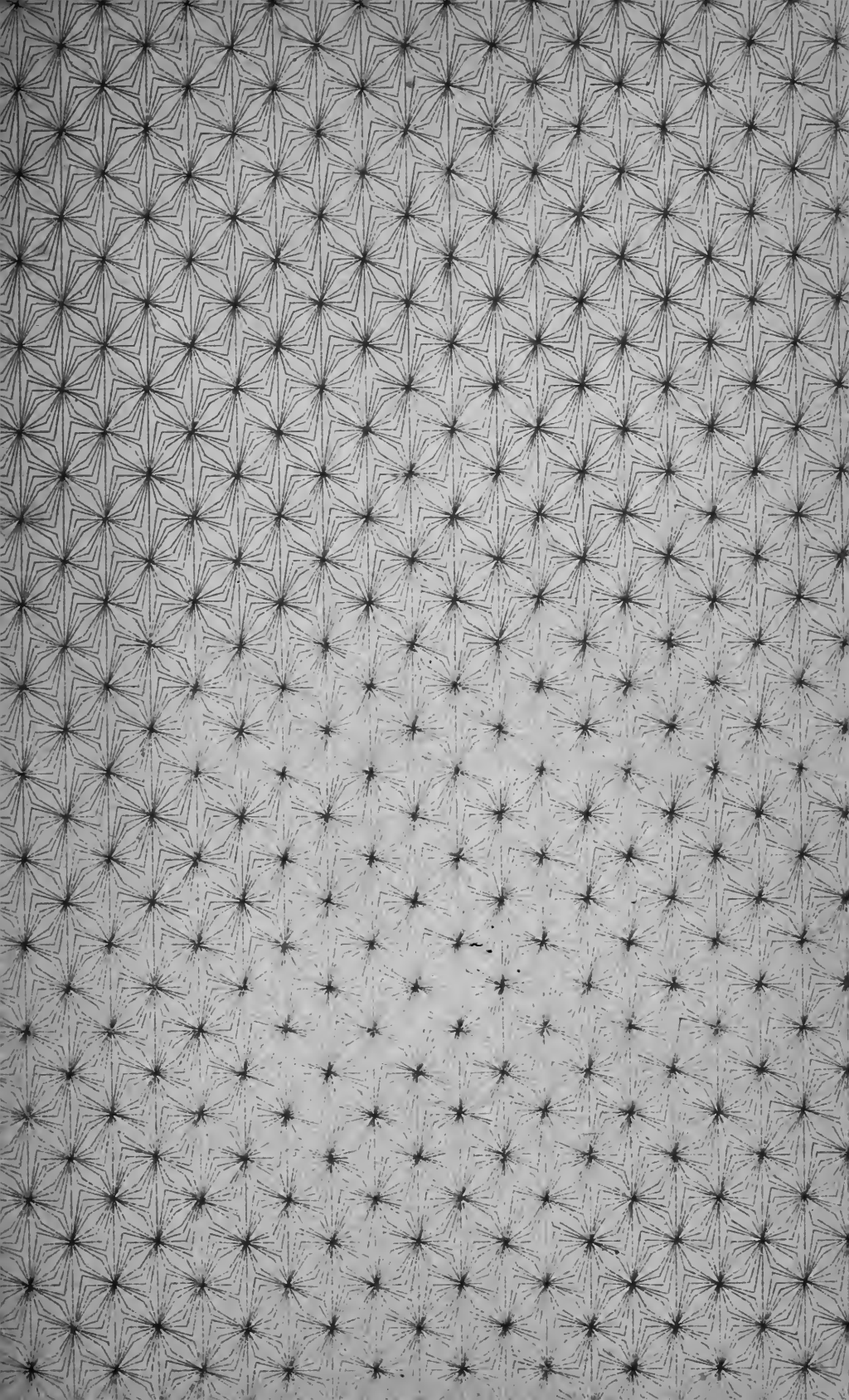
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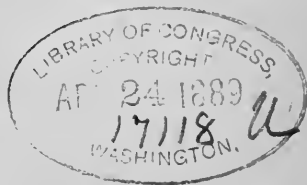
THIS SIDE AND THAT

POEMS

✓
ROSA EVANGELINE ANGEL

33
O not from the harps of the singers
That stand by the gates of Fame;
O not from the pages written
Across with Glory's name—
But read me some tender message,
Breathed from a heart's deep love,
Whose sadness, and sweetness, and music,
Shall lift my soul above!—

—*Etta Van Vlack Angel.*



CINCINNATI

ROBERT CLARKE & CO

1889
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ROSA EVANGELINE ANGEL,
1889.

TO
MY MOTHER,
IN GRATITUDE AND LOVE,

These Songs are Dedicated.

R. E. A.

CINCINNATI, O., February, 1889.



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I.
SONGS OF LOVE.

"When Love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

"It hardly asks
If it be loved at all; to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss for the beloved sake
Of bitter tasks."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

"Love's measureless own recompense
Consists in loving; there's her creed."

—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



POEMS.

THIS SIDE, AND THAT.

THIS side the ever-swinging doors
Stand weary, helpless feet,
And aching, drooping hearts and heads,
In dusty, toilsome heat.

This side the everlasting gates,
Far-stretching o'er the plain,
The battle-fields of deadly strife,
The conflict and the pain.

This side the pearly portals white,
The tears, and sighs, and sin—
The loss of hope, and love, and joy,
Fears, doubts and grief within.

THIS SIDE, AND THAT.

This side the shining threshold fair,
The prayer, the cry for aid,
The trembling song, the quivering praise,
The feeble progress made.

* * * * *

That side the never-shadowed doors,
The quick, rejoicing tread
Of myriad hosts of blessed souls,
Untouched by woe or dread.

That side the gates of glory bright,
The palm of victory won,
The harp of gold, the jeweled crown,
And best, the King's "Well done!"

That side the guarded, gleaming door,
The smile, the joy untold;
Eternal gladness on their heads,
Safe, safe inside the fold!

That side the "gate that stands ajar,"
The answer to our prayers,
The mighty Helper, near and seen,
The end of all our cares.

THIS SIDE, AND THAT.

Unfold, ye blessed unseen doors,
Shine brighter, endless day,
Send forth one gleam, or burst of song,
To light my darkened way !

“LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.”

LIFT up your heads! The glorious dawn is breaking!
Lo, from the sleep of death the earth is waking!
See from the tomb the stone the angels taking!
Lift up your heads!
Rejoice, O rejoice!

Lift up your heads! What time is this for sorrow?
Love, light, and life await thee on the morrow;
Garments of joy, and glad, bright garlands borrow.
Lift up your heads!
Rejoice, O rejoice!

Lift up your heads! O earth thy grief is madness;
Grief for thy dead should swell in songs of gladness!
Why shouldst thou weep, that they shall know no
sadness?
Lift up your heads!
Rejoice, O rejoice!

"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS."

Lift up your heads! The gates of pearl are swinging
Wider and wide, and angel-bands are bringing
Weary ones home; the while sweet voices singing,

“Lift up your heads!

Rejoice, O rejoice!”

Lift up your heads! The aisles of death are sounding,
Glad with the throb of new life's pulses bounding!
Sweet resurrection bloom the rocks surrounding!

Lift up your heads!

Rejoice, O rejoice!

O I MET MY LAD IN THE FIELDS ONE DAY.

⑥ I met my lad in the fields one day,
Where the mellow earth in the sunshine lay;
Where the mellow gold of the earth and sky,
Told of yellow harvests by-and-by!
My lad, with the sun in his nut-brown hair,
His hand on the plow, as he spoke me fair;
His heart in his eyes, and his eyes on me
As he waited to see what my answer would be!

And I, O foolish and vain was I,
And I loved him dear, yet I hurried by
With a careless nod, and a cool little smile,
(And I knew I loved him, all the while!)
My brave, good lad! I can see him now,
With the sun in his hair, and his hand on the plow;
And the long, straight furrows,—I see it all—
The hill, and the creek,—and I hear him call!

I heard him call, as I climbed the hill,
(Ah, many a year has that voice been still!)

O I MET MY LAD IN THE FIELDS ONE DAY.

And I would not answer ; what strange, mad freak
It was, I know not ;—I heard him speak,
And I would not answer ; he turned his head,
And there came to his forehead a sudden red,
Then white as his dead face, my lad's face grew—
And my heart all the while to him so true !

O I left my lad in the fields one day,
Where the brown earth heaped in the sunshine lay ;
The brown earth, under the tender skies,
That holdeth the harvest of Paradise !
My lad grew weary, and fell asleep ;—
The world, were it mine, I would give, to creep
To his loving arms and tell him now,
What I would not tell him that day at the plow !

HER EYES.

SHE lifted those dark-fringed lids—straightway,
The morning broke, though stars, I knew, shone on!

She lifted those white lids, and lo, the day,

Full-orbed, and fair, arose, ere yet 'twas dawn!

She lifted up the light of her two eyes

Upon my soul, and from that hour, my heart

Was mine no more—O all-subduing art,

That 'neath a woman's drooping lashes lies!—

Her eyes!

Her glorious eyes!

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

'TIS evening, and the mellow light
Of shaded lamp illumines the place,
Wherein, this dreary winter night,
My Heart and I may rest a space.

We are alone, my Heart and I,
This snowy eve, and as I sit
And watch the sparks that upward fly,
Strange fancies through my musings flit.

And backward through the dust of Time,
My Heart and I together walk,
And find old friends of rune and rhyme,
And, by the way, we rest and talk.

We catch the gleam of blade and spear,
The wave of plume and banner bright,
And see our Warrior Heroes dear,
My Heart and I, this misty night!

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

A vision of a cloud of gold,
A halo 'round a proud, young face—
Then fades the Princess-maid of old,
The fairest of her day and race!

We wander through ghost-haunted rooms,
In quest of those we long have known;
And lo, from dim, mysterious glooms,
They glide to meet us, fearless grown!

Ah, Heart, where shall we seek to find
The weird, sweet Myths we love so well?
Old Grecian bards their pages lined
With praise of these, but never tell

Where we may find them Heart of mine,
Nor mayest thou cross the mystic stream
That flows between their life and thine,
Whose trembling drawbridge is a dream!

Come back, come back, my Heart, nor stay
Thy restless feet on that dark shore,
Whose troubled waters, sobbing, say
A sad, eternal "Nevermore!"

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

And dost thou mind, dear Heart, the morn
When little Love came laughing by?
His hair like silk of waving corn,
His eyes like corn-flowers and the sky!

And thou, poor foolish Heart, stooped down,
And kissed his dimpling ruddy lips,
And cheeks, and curly golden crown,
And rosy-tinted finger-tips.

And then when he had gone, the day
Lost all its beauty, and tonight,
Thou, Heart, and I, in sober way,
On borrowed pinions wing our flight

To far-off lands, and lose awhile,
Ourselves in ancient, storied clime—
The Ægean waves, the starlit Nile,
Sung and beloved throughout all time!

WITH THE DAWN.

GREY dawn, and a mist o'er a shipless sea,
A chill east wind and clouds that be
But the wandering children of Night, who flee
From the beauty of morning, the sun, and thee!

A glimmer of gold, a soft shimmer of light,
A shading of sky, a slow fading from sight;
Then a burst of great glory, refulgent and tender,
As thou liftest thine eyes and a flash of swift splendor
Sweeps out o'er the sea, the desolate sea,
And 'tis morn to the world, the world, Love, and me—
And a blest heart's thanksgiving I gratefully render!

Grey dawn, and thy throat with the spray is white,
And the east wind hath kissed thee, and turned in his
 might—
And the orient skies are one blaze of light,
Thy hair hath lent them its sunlight bright!

WITH THE DAWN.

A whirring of wings, a sweet stirring of song,
A breaking from dreams, a joy-waking throng,
Then a burst of rich music, soul-thrilling, enraptured—
Love, the birds of the dawning thy clear voice have
 captured,
And their notes of wild glee ring out o'er the sea,
And 'tis morn to the world, the world, Love, and me,
And a song wellet up from my glad heart enraptured!

BEREFT.

SHE came and whispered to my heart,
That erst had slept so still,
She whispered to my dreaming heart;
And O the night was chill!

She shook her hair so thick and long,
All golden to her feet;
She sang to me a witching song,
And O her voice was sweet!

She looked me through, and through, and through,
I could not 'scape her sight!
She drew my soul from my eyes too,
And O her eyes were bright!

She kissed me with her sweet red mouth
On which no kiss had lain,
Her warm breath fragrant as the South;—
And O but love is pain!

BEREFT.

She touched me with her clinging hand,
Her lovely hand so white;
I lived in some enchanted land,
And O her clasp was light!

My Love went on, and on, and on,
I could not stay her feet,
My truant heart with her has gone,
And O her steps were fleet!

She wrapped her in her golden hair,
As in a flowing shroud;
She plucked a new-blown lily fair,
And low her head she bowed.

She folded both her hands so pale
Upon her maiden breast;
Her fingers hold the lily frail,
O lily-bud most blest!

My Love she closed her two sweet eyes,
The stars fled from my sky;
My Love 'neath moss and ivy lies,
And there my heart doth lie.

THE SONG.

A SONG, my Love, and what shall it be?
What quaint song shall I sing, Marie?
“O! a song of love that was true and leal,
A song that shall image your soul’s ideal;
With a melody low as the hum of bees,
And sweet as the smell of blossoming trees;
And strong with life as the bracing wind
That comes from the sea, when the sea is kind;
With never a hint of the yellow-haired lad
Whom its lullaby hushed—words, wild and glad,
And free as the birds, and bright as the skies,
Where never a speck of a storm-cloud flies—
And a song you never have sung; let it be
All this I have said, and just for me!”

Then I touched the time-stained ivory keys,
In the dim half-light, my Love to please;
And I sang to her in the gathering gloom,
In the glimmering light of the dusky room;

THE SONG.

And the scent of roses crushed and rare,
(The roses my sweet was wont to wear),
With a subtile perfume stole around,
Like the breath of Music, the soul of Sound.
I sang of love, as she bade me sing,
And my heart rose up on my song's light wing ;
I sang for her and for her alone,
And my love rang out in each tender tone ;
But all through the melody bright there crept
A thrill of sadness—my Sweetheart wept
As she caught my fingers and whispered low,
“There is never a song that hath no woe !”

AH, SWEET !

AND 'tis many a year ago,
Since the tide crept up to my feet,
Since the tide in the golden dawn
Throbb'd fast with mine own heart's beat.

Full many a year and far,
Since I stood on the glittering sand,
And look'd 'yond the harbor-bar,
To catch the wave of his hand.

And the tide crept slow, so slow,
And kiss'd the dust on my gown,
And ebb'd with its pitiful flow,
As I turn'd me back to the town.

The wind blew my sunny hair
All into my sad, wet eyes;
Ah, little the wild winds care
Who laughs, or who, foolish, cries !

AH, SWEET!

The young leaves brushed my face,
And the blossoms came drifting down
Like a thick soft snow, as, swift apace,
Through the orchard I walked to town.

O the old town built by the sea,
With its quaint, time-hallowed streets;
Where the children run in their happy glee
To hail the far-away fleets.

Where blue-eyed lads the livelong day,
Sail their mimic, painted ships,
While their curls are damp with the salt sea spray,
And the kiss of the waves on their lips.

Where the very babe on his mother's knee,
Coos and reaches his tiny hand
For the pearly shell that the restless sea
Cast out on the great, dry land.

And is it the salt sea-spray
That doth dim my longing sight?
And is it the sound of the waves at play,
That rings in mine ears all night?

AH, SWEET!

And is it the white mist falls
Between the low sun and me?
Whose voice is it calls and calls,
Far over the wide, dark sea?

I turn my face to the town,
From the desolate, hungry deep,
And wearily lay me down,
And pray for an endless sleep.

For 'tis many a year ago,
(Break, break, my heart, I say!)
Since out in the golden dawn,
My Love sailed away and away.

WHY JUNE WAS FAIR.

HOW came the June? With winds ablow,
With tangled glory-vines aglow,
And threads of shine shot to and fro
Across a sky of blue;
With smell of summer in the air,
With bloom and beauty everywhere,
And hints of gladness golden-rare,
And you, sweetheart, and you!

And how went June? Ah, well-a-day!
My roses blushed themselves away,
The winds grew tired, too tired to play,
And faint with sweetness blew;
The willow bends and softly dips
In the cool stream her finger-tips;
And with your kiss upon my lips
June slips away with you!

“O LOVE, SWEET LOVE!”

I.

THERE was a day when Love was young,
And fleet of wing and sweet of tongue,
When summer shone within his eyes
That flashed each hour some new surprise
Upon his happy devotees;
And then, while yet upon their knees,
They felt, each one, a strange sharp sting,
And straightway on uplifted wing,
With laugh whose sweetness mocked their plight
Yet soothed their wrath, Love took his flight.

II.

There was a day when Love grown old
Came softly back; his hair of gold
All thinly white, his summer-eyes
In sunless shade grown sorrow-wise.
Love came in want and loneliness,
With bow unstrung and arrowless,

"O LOVE, SWEET LOVE!"

Unto the door of her whose heart
Still bled in secret from the dart
His hand had sent—whose wound had been
The sorest—and she took him in!

WHAT THE APPLE TOLD.

“ONE I love, two I love, three I love I say,
Four I love with all my heart, and five I cast away.
Six he loves!” a maiden counted, sweet and fair and
young,
Blithe of heart and merry as the words upon her tongue.

Six small seeds, and six alone, all the apple holds,
And a saucy nod gives answer, while the darling scolds,
“Only six! and so he loves me! And I love him? No!
Now who was it? Tell me quickly! O—it isn’t so!”

“Yes it is! He loves you! Ah, the apple knows!”—
Soft and red her cheeks glow as a new-blown rose;
“Now, dear heart, we’ll try the other, shall it speak
for you?
Will you own it to me, darling, if it speaketh true?”

“One I love, two I love, three I love I say,
Four I love with all my heart, and five I cast away,

WHAT THE APPLE TOLD.

Six he loves!"—and then abashed more she will not
tell,

For 't was seven, and seven only, from the apple fell!

"“Seven she loves!’ say it, darling!” O his eyes
were blue!

“Seven *she* loves!” doth she whisper, bravely, sweetly
true!—

And a listening robin, in his soft leaf-hidden nest,
Knows to whom the apple is of all the fruits the best!

IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

IN blossom-time, Sweetheart and I,
The sunny fields roam over,
And buried deep in bloom I lie,
While she hunts four-leaved clover.

In blossom-time the air is sweet,
The birds seem mad with gladness,
And I, forsooth, would fain repeat
Their charming, gleeful madness.

In blossom-time the hedge-rows blow,
Along the dusty highway,
And coax me on and on, and so,
I make Sweetheart go my way.

In blossom-time the dark, old town
Forgets she is a City,
And straightway dons her girlhood gown,
Her old-time gown so pretty!

IN BLOSSOM-TIME.

In blossom-time, Sweetheart and I,
The crowded streets forsaking,
Seek grass-grown paths, and hill-sides high,
Where violets are awaking.

In blossom-time I watch her face,
And all "the blossoms blowing"
Are not so fair, though all the place,
Its loveliest is showing.

In blossom-time, sweet lazy time
To me, an idle rover,
Stretched at her feet I weave my rhyme,
(While she hunts four-leaved clover).

In blossom-time, the leafless bough
Pink-tinted peach-blooms cover—
"Look, look! I've found a clover now!"
"Well, darling, here's your lover!"

In blossom-time, Sweetheart and I
Our true-love vows have plighted,
And Sweetheart, she is very shy,—
And I? Well, I'm delighted!

A SONG OF THE SEA.

SWEET is the voice that I hear, or awake, or in
slumber,

Long are the hours that I wait, ay, the moments I
number—

Ere I may meet her, may greet her, my heart's-delight,

Ere I may feel the wild tide in its joyous might

Leap through my veins and with ecstasy fill me !

Fire me with fire of youth, gladden me, thrill me !

As of old when the Storm-king in reckless, mad splendor,

Smote her proud breast ; when with none to defend her,

When the dread Night frowning, starless, above her,

When the great Sun, her brave, golden-haired lover,

Tarried his coming ; my beautiful, peerless one,

Rose in her strength ; O my queen, O my fearless one !

Dauntless and daring, she knows no surrender ;

Scornful the lips, erst so graciously tender,

Fling back the challenge !—The mad current flashes

Through my thin veins, and once more rolls and crashes

Through the rent heavens, the thunder, I hear it—

A SONG OF THE SEA.

Watch the sheet-lightning, nor wonder, nor fear it!—
Fair are the wide fields, the clear lakes, but fairer—
Rare are the blue skies the lark wakes, but rarer,
Skies that in mute adoration bend o'er her,
Fairer the boundless, bright meadows before her!
Sweeter the screams of the wild gulls than singing
Of lark or of nightingale; evermore ringing
In my dull ears is her voice saying over,
“Come, I have called thee, I wait thee, my rover!”—
Sweet is the voice that I hear, or awake, or in slumber,
Long are the hours that I wait, ay, the moments I
 number,
Ere I may meet thee, may greet thee, my peerless one!
Ere I may feel thy embrace, O my fearless one
Lull me to rest, my beloved, I am weary;
Sing to me, smile, my beloved, life is dreary;
Lo, I am come, I am thine, though Death hover
O'er thee and me; I am faithful, thy lover!

SINCE THOU DOST SLEEP.

THE day hath a thousand hours,
The night is long;
In this separate life of ours,
All things go wrong.

O the glad fair day doth knock
And call to me,
But the gates of my heart unlock
To none but thee.

The music of life doth ring
In discord drear,
Since never a song dost thou sing
Unto mine ear.

The sunlight is dark and cold,
Since nevermore
Doth the sheen of thy hair of gold
Gleam in my door.

SINCE THOU DOST SLEEP.

And dim, the light of the stars
Since thy two eyes
Peeped in through my heart's prison-bars,
Behold, it lies

In dungeon-darkness once more,
Whilst far away
Thine eyes' sunny glory shines o'er
Some shadeless day.

The day hath a thousand hours,
The night doth creep,
Since my Love stole the bloom of the flowers,
And fell asleep.

O MY SWEET LOVE.

MY Love has eyes that seem to me,
Sweet, sweet forget-me-nots to be;
My Love has hair
So wondrous fair,
So golden bright it dazzles me!

My Love has lips so curved and red,
"A Cupid's bow," one time I said,
And then her eyes
Grew merry-wise,
And laughing dimples came instead.

My Love has words that weave a spell
That holds my heart. And I? Ah, well,
With every word
Mine ears have heard,
I loved her more than tongue can tell.

O MY SWEET LOVE.

My Love has tears that dim her sight,
Oft when her song is gay and light,
 And so I know
 That deep below,
A tender heart beats true and right.

My Love has hands a queen might own,
So perfect they, yet I have known
 Those little hands,
 With jeweled bands,
To do brave deeds, and serve, alone.

My Love is dear to me, so dear,
That sometimes I could almost fear
 I love too well;
 Yet who can tell
The measure love should follow here?

MY BEAUTIFUL IDOL OF CLAY.

I builded a temple, and in it I hid
A beautiful idol of clay,
And wherever I walked, or whatever I did,
Still my idol seemed never away.
And I crept in the night to my idol's throne,
And my love at its feet cast down ;
And I dreamed all day of my idol alone,
And called it my king and my crown.

But one evening the sun in the west sank low,
And the chill of the night-wind's breath
Swept over my heart like the curse of a foe,
And that night brought my idol's death.—
O I woke in my tears, and my temple fair,
Fell, shattered and ruined for aye,
And low in the dust lay my idol there,
My beautiful idol of clay !

MY BEAUTIFUL IDOL OF CLAY.

O my beautiful dream-god, I crowned you king,
And I clothed you with vesture bright,
And I placed on your finger my true love's ring,
And I looked to your smile for light!
And I hushed my heart when she fain would speak,
And whisper "Your idol is clay!"—
And I would not hear, as I kissed your cheek,
And dreamed of you night and day!

Then my heart rose up, and I could not drown
Her voice with my prayers or tears,
And she cast from your head the jeweled crown
You had worn, ah so many years!
And she turned your face to the sun's pure light,
And she bade me to look and see
How my kisses were vain, and my mist-dimmed sight,
Saw that which was death to me.

For the thing I had loved and had glorified,
With a glory it could not claim,
Was dust.—So my beautiful idol died;
I had loved but a dream, a name!

✓

O THE REAPERS WERE SINGING.

○ THE reapers were singing and binding their
sheaves,

And I stood still to listen, above me the leaves
Kept whispering some secret the birds must have told,
And soft through the sunset of crimson and gold,
Came the voice of the singers, a-binding their sheaves.

O was it but fancy, or did you come near
And there on the hill put your lips to my ear,
And whisper that evening my name and a word
That startled my heart and its cold pulses stirred ;
Did a dream mock my longing your lost voice to hear ?

I watched the great sun with his banners all furled,
Give way to night's splendor, his swift chariot whirled
O'er the west hills, and slowly the moon's fairy barge
With silver sails swelling, night's fair queen in charge,
Sailed through the blue heavens and smiled on the world.

O THE REAPERS WERE SINGING.

The reapers aweary, had hushed their gay song,
The fairy barge glided in silence along,

And the stars one by one, came out slowly to see

What new thing there was upon earth ; but for me
The night held no beauty ; no music, the song.

LOVE'S MYSTERY.

I STOLE Love's wings, the way was long,
But I, I spanned it with a song!
And it was dark, but naught cared I,
Love's sun for me climbed fair and high!
The wind was fierce, and howled the storm,—
I gave no heed, my heart beat warm!
I knew no weariness, no pain,
Life held for me no loss; my gain
Outbalanced all; had I not won
To that high place, thy heart? What sun
Could brighten happier lot than mine
As thy beloved? Love rushed like wine
Through all my veins, and leaped and burned
In my young blood till earth was turned
Into a paradise, a place
Of wild, sweet joy! No serpent's trace
With subtle poison sought to shade
This glorious Eden I had made!

LOVE'S MYSTERY.

I sped with feet fleet as the deer
A-startled—ah, 't was love, not fear
That quickened my glad steps; for me
Earth held no fear since it held thee!
Straight as the shaft Love's hand had sent,
So swift, so sure, the wealth unspent,
Of my heart's love went out to thee,
A measureless and mighty sea!—
Love, fold me to thy heart once more,
And let me feel, as oft of yore
I felt thy kisses steal my breath
With tender touch.—Love, it were death
To live without thee.—Heaven is real
When thou art near;—my soul's ideal
Fades into nothingness and dies
Before the beauty of thine eyes!
All melody of earth is known
To those who know thy voice's tone!—
And all that Life could give to me
Of sweetest good, was given in thee!

THIS SHE BADE US SAY.

THEY will come to thee some day,
Love of mine, love of mine!

And some word like this will say,
Love of mine, love of mine!—

“She is dead, and she doth lie
Shrouded white, with closed eye,
Canst thou dream why she did die?
Love of thine, love of thine!”

And in wonder thou wilt speak,
Love of mine, love of mine!
And their answer thou wilt seek,
Love of mine, love of mine!—

“This she bade us say, and wept,
While across her wan cheek crept
One faint blush, and then she slept;
Love of thine, love of thine!”

And a-marveling thou wilt hear,
Love of mine, love of mine!

THIS SHE BADE US SAY.

“ Thus she spake, ‘ I loved him dear,
Love of mine, love of mine !
Bid him come when I am dead,
On my white lips lay his red,
Sweet shall be my sleep,’ she said,
‘ Love of mine, love of mine ! ’ ”

A RHYME FOR HER.

SPAKE I to my little Love,
“Dear, ’t is April weather,
In your eyes, like skies above,
Tears and smiles together
Make love’s April weather!

“See, I kiss the tears away—
Were they there for me, sweet?
Think you not the shining May
Shining eyes should meet?
Love’s white May-day sweet!

“April smiles, and o’er May’s white
Falls June’s mantle red,
Little Love, your cheeks are bright,
Lift your bonnie head—
Lo! Love’s June, rose-red!”

DEAREST AND I.

WAN and weird hung the ghostly moon
Over our heads as we loitered there,
Humming softly a queer old tune,
That fell like a dream on the haunted air!
Dearest and I stood hand in hand
Watching the timid shadows flee
Into deeper blackness, a fear-filled band,—
Naught of the words could I understand
Of the song that Dearest sang to me,
Save this, “O the heaven-hushed wonderland
Of moonlight and roses and mystery!”

O for the church-yard over the hill,
O for one hour of that night divine!
Where even the restless leaves were still;
With Dearest's hand nestled warm in mine.—
Dearest and I, and the tombstones old,
Tombstones that Time's deft hand had dressed
With moss and ivy, and green grave-mold,

DEAREST AND I.

Till the legends they keep are all untold ;
For the blessed have lain long years at rest,
The tired grey heads and the young hearts bold,
Have fallen asleep in their quiet nest.

Only a dream, and unfulfilled
Is the promise fair of that happy night ;
And my boyish heart has grown hard and chilled,
And my eyes have lost their old-time light ;
And I think of Dearest, and once again
I stand knee-deep in the dew-drenched grass,
Her hand in mine, and the quaint refrain
Rings in my ears of that tender strain,
“ Moonlight and roses ”—the long years pass
Like an idle dream of a weary brain.

A SONG OF THE WINDS.

BLOW east, blow west, O wayward wind,
Across the summer sea,
Blow north, blow south, O willful wind,
And bring my love to me!
The east wind blew across my face,
The smell of the sea he bore,
And he shook his golden mane apace,
His voice like the deep sea's roar;
But never, ah never, the wind o'er the sea,
From the gates of the morn brought my love to me!

Blow east, blow west, O winsome wind,
Across the golden sea,
Blow north, blow south, O wandering wind,
And bring my love to me!—
The west wind whispered soft and low,
And kissed my burning cheek,
His voice like the great, calm river's flow,
Like the voice of the one I seek;

A SONG OF THE WINDS.

But never, ah never, there came to me,
My love on the wings of the west wind free!

Blow east, blow west, O wanton wind,
 Across the wine-red sea,
Blow south, blow north, O wistful wind,
 And bring my love to me!
 And the south wind heavy with orange bloom,
 And crimson roses sweet,
 Like dream-heard music brake the gloom,
 With the fall of his languorous feet;
But never, ah never, there came to me,
My love o'er the waves of the twilight sea!

Blow east, blow west, O weary wind,
 Across the starless sea,
Blow south, blow north, O woful wind,
 And bring my love to me!
 And the north wind swept from his ghostly cave,
 And thick with the frost his breath,
 And a goodly welcome to him I gave,
 For he brought my lover—Death;
O white as the snows o'er the north-land sea,
My love, my love came at last to me!

A RED, RED ROSE.

SHE brought me a red, red rose to-day,
My beautiful lily, my queen!—
And a drop of dew in its sweet heart lay,
And my parched lips kissed, as a lover's may.
Its blood-red petals and leaves of green;
But not for the sake of her, I ween,
Fell that soft sad kiss on the rose to-day!

My kiss hath opened the long-locked room,
Where the dreams of my life lie dead;
And out from the depths of its vaulted gloom,
With a dainty freshness and rich, rare bloom,
With the same shy droop of her bright young head,
And a flower on her breast,—a rose, blood-red—
My Love, my Love cometh back from the tomb!

And she brought a red, red rose and gave
It to me in this self-same place,
Then her eye-lids drooped as a tell-tale wave

A RED, RED ROSE.

Of swift, warm crimson, love's color brave,
Swept over the lovely, half'shamed face,
With its 'witching beauty, its tender grace,
And the lips, with a smile half-glad, half-grave.

My beautiful lily, fair and white,
My own blue-eyed darling doth hold
My heart in her keeping, and yet tonight,
It throbs with wild longing, and aches for sight
Of the dear, dark eyes that in days of old
I loved ; and tonight all love seems cold
In the passionate pain of that love's might !

A MIDNIGHT MEMORY.

ANOTHER twelve-month at the threshold stands
With laggard feet, with fingers on the latch;
The door swings outward, held by trembling hands,
Reluctant-slow to leave the snow-hid thatch.

How many moons have waxed and waned, since thou
And I, sweetheart, stood all in silence here,
And watched with smiles, as I, with tears, watch now,
The going of the feeble Greybeard dear.

Just here, the firelight kissed thy clinging gown,
I well remember, as 't were yester-night—
And here, a “golden fleece,” came rippling down
Thy perfumed hair, a maze of 'wilderling light.

I watched the fitful flame, half light, half shade,
Jest with the dusky gloom that filled the place,
Now bold and bright, and now as though afraid,
Steal o'er the dreamy beauty of thy face.

A MIDNIGHT MEMORY.

O sweetheart, sweetheart mine, in what far clime,
Dost thou keep vigil with the dying Year?
In thy glad dwelling is there "no more Time?"—
Eternity, with thee, seems very near.

Echoes and dies, the white-haired Pilgrim's knell,
To me 't is midnight, unto thee 't is morn;
With thee, sweetheart, I know that "It is well,"
Hope in my heart is with the New Year born!

“BUT THE DEAD KNOW NOT ANY THING.”

“BUT THE DEAD KNOW NOT ANY THING. ALSO THEIR LOVE,
AND THEIR HATRED, AND THEIR ENVY, IS NOW PERISHED.”

© MY dead Love, canst thou not hear me speak?

See, close I press my lips unto thine ear,
So close, my cheek is warm against thy cheek ;
I call, and call ; O Love, dost thou not hear ?

O my dead Love, upon thy frozen lips,
My kisses fall, those lips which never knew
My kiss in life ; now o'er their beauty slips
No smile for me ; ah, lips, are ye dead too ?

Love, lift thine eyes ! The skies have not been blue
Or bright since thou hast been asleep ; and I
Have wept until my tears in pity drew
Slow tears from out the depths of that far sky.

But thou who e'er didst share my lightest woe,
Dost shed no tear ! Ah, Love, if thou didst kneel

"BUT THE DEAD KNOW NOT ANY THING."

As I do here, and I were lying low
With folded hands, I think that I would feel

If thou wert near me, and my pulseless heart
Would thrill and stir within me, shouldst thou kiss
My silent lips, and they would smile and part,
To whisper, "It were good to die, for this!"

And yet, and yet, thou dost not speak, mine own,
And thou didst die, they say, for love of me;
And I, I loved but thee, but thee alone—
And Death hath in great silence shadowed thee!

Ah, my dead Love! Now know I thou art dead!—
Else wouldst thou give me back my kisses vain.
Now know I that 'tis true, as they have said,
And I am glad thou canst not know my pain!

II.
HOPE.

"Say not good night, but in some better clime
Bid me good morning."

—MRS. BARBAULD.



A SONG OF PRAISE.

I WOULD give thee praise, my Father,
For the sunshine of today,
Though tomorrow may be gloomy,
And a storm beat o'er my way ;
I would sing thy loving-kindness,
I would thank thee for the light,
For but yesterday I heard a song
From one who had no sight !

In the Sabbath-hush I listened
To a voice that seemed to rise,
In its wondrous power and sweetness,
To the gates of Paradise.
I would thank thee, O my Father,
For the song that blessed my ear,
For but yesterday earth's music fell
On ears that could not hear !

A SONG OF PRAISE.

In the radiance of the morning,
To thy house across the hills,
Where the fragrant summer-glory
Every space with beauty fills,
I could go, my tender Father,
With thy children meet and talk,
And but yesterday the dawn-light looked
On one who could not walk!

I would sing thy praise and bless thee
For the countless "little things,"
For the daily food and shelter,
For the rest the night-time brings;
For the small unheeded blessings
Thou dost send from day to day,
For the little things we never prize
Till they are taken away!

I would cast my mourning from me,
Robe me in my garments fair,
Lift my heart from out the shadows,
Just to thank thee for thy care;
Just to beg thy sweet forgiveness,
For the careless, thankless Past,
And to praise thee O my gracious Lord,
For all thy love at last!

A SONG OF PRAISE.

O my Lord, I would remember
All the years thy heart did break,
Ere the cruel cross upheld thee,
Suffering, dying, for my sake ;
I would waken from my sadness,
Lift my face to meet thy smile,
For thou hast loved me, O my Lord,
Hast loved me all the while !

O it were a shame, my Father,
To bring thee naught but tears,
And murmuring and fretting,
For all these happy years ;—
So I would sing, my Father,
And call thy love to mind,
For but yesterday I heard him sing,
And Father, he is blind !

“WHEN I BEHOLD THE WONDROUS CROSS.”

THE darkest night of woe grows light, the stars
shine out once more,

The balm of perfect quiet falls upon my heart so sore ;
And I forget my pain awhile, my sorrow and my loss,
When, without speech, which counteth naught, I kneel
before His cross.—

I feel no more the stings I felt when sudden grief drew
near,

Or, if I feel, I heed them not, nor shed one idle tear ;
I care no more that some are false, since One is stanch
and true ;

I sorrow not that joys grow old, since heaven will all be
new !—

I used to mourn my blossoms lost, because they seemed
to die,

And dreamed the birds would sing no more, because
they left my sky,

And that the dawn would never break, when night no
slumber brought,

"WHEN I BEHOLD THE WONDROUS CROSS."

But now I know they'll all come back, without my care
or thought!

And now though older, wiser grown, my heart still
makes its moan,

O'er broken idols,—trust betrayed,—except when all
alone

I shut my sad, tired eyes and bow my head upon my
hands,

And kneel before the shining cross that, bathed in glory
stands.—

I see the deep, dark eyes, that filled with tender love
and tears,

Look out across that dreary space and down through
troubled years,

I see the wide-spread hands that held no blessing from
His own,

And when the hungry cried for bread, ne'er gave to
them a stone.—

I look, and now I scarce can see, a mist is o'er my
sight,

And glimmering through the blur, I see the poor, tired
feet tonight,

The weary feet that trod alone the wine-press, and are
dyed

"WHEN I BEHOLD THE WONDROUS CROSS"

With stain of crimson; and behold the spear-wound in
His side.

I see the patient lips that part in blessing ere they close,
I hear the prayer they breathe for these, most merciless
of foes;—

And shamed and silent, I recall His life, whose death
was such;—

And I had thought my life was hard, that I had suffered much!—

O mournful eyes, may I believe ye look with love on me?
O nail-pierced hands, may I be glad that ye at last are
free?

O bruised feet, the way was long, but now the echoes
ring

Adown the corridors of heaven the footsteps of a King!—
The dead march sobs itself away, and on its dying chord
A thousand "Glorias!" burst forth unto a risen Lord!
Ten thousand thousand hearts uplift their glad triumphant strain,

And Heaven sends its answer back in solemn sweet refrain—

And fade before mine eyes, the cross, the crown of
thorns, the tears,

And fainter, fainter, grow the taunts, the cruel, mocking
jeers,—

"WHEN I BEHOLD THE WONDROUS CROSS."

And in His beauty I behold the King who died for men,
Who knoweth all our grief, our sin ; and I rejoice again,
That I, though chief of sinful souls, may come to his
 dear feet,

While his own lips the blessed words, "Child, I forgive !" repeat

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

WHAT blessed comfort, 'mid earth's change and
strife,

Where safely we may rest our dearest hope ;
And know that naught that lies 'twixt death and life,
Hath power with this unfailing strength to cope.

Oh ! Matchless seal of royalty divine ;
Eternal love that never weary grows ;
Our hearts would cling to such a love as thine,
That ne'er a shadow, even, of turning knows.

We turn with tears from "broken cisterns," where,
We fondly hoped in time of bitter need,
To drink and go rejoicing ; empty, there,
They mocked our thirst. Yea, broken wells indeed.

We leaned upon some heart we thought was true,
And there sought comfort in some sad, dark day,
And lo, it failed us, leaving us to rue
A trust betrayed, an idol turned to clay.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

And then we turn with longing hearts to thee
The only true, and never-changing One ;
All else doth fail ; do thou our refuge be
In every storm, till life's short day is done.

“MIGHTY TO SAVE.”

OUT of the darkness I cry unto thee,
Father, all-merciful, “mighty to save!”
In thy great pity draw nigh unto me,
Thou art the only one able to save!
Oh, it is dark, and the night wind is chill!
Soul, art thou fearful, and tremblest still?
Soul, thou hast little faith; suffer his will;
God the all-merciful, mighty to save!

I, in my weakness, would ask of thee strength,
Father omnipotent, mighty to save!
All else hath failed me and humbly at length,
Come I thy pardon and blessing to crave!
Soul, art thou doubting?—His promise is sure!
Soul, art thou hopeless?—His love shall endure!
Soul, thou art sinful; but one there is pure—
Christ the Anointed, the mighty to save!

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

I, in my weariness, beg thee for rest ;

Weary, so weary that sweet seems the grave ;
Could I but lean my tired head on thy breast,

Rest in thy strength, O thou mighty to save !
Soul, art thou weary ? his loved ones shall sleep !
Soul, hast thou sorrow ? no more shalt thou weep !
Soul, art thou faithless ?—his word he doth keep !—
Christ the unchanging one, mighty to save !

Lord of my life, as the watchers that wait,

Longing for morning to light the dark wave ;
Lift I mine eyes to the far-away gate

That leads to thy kingdom, thou mighty to save !
Soul, who condemns thee ? 't is Christ who hath died !
Soul, canst thou doubt him ? behold his pierced side
Soul, thou hast pardon, through Christ crucified !
Christ the eternal one, mighty to save !

THE DAY-DAWN.

"AND IN THE MORNING, THEN YE SHALL SEE THE GLORY OF
THE LORD."

ALL day the fierce, hot sun had poured his scorching
radiance down
On bearded men in manhood's strength, and age's
snowy crown,
And sturdy little children with their dimpled limbs
burnt brown,
And maids and mothers sad.

Oh! such a glad, triumphant host, they marched along
at first,
Delivered from their bondage and the woe of slaves ac-
cursed;
But now, grown faint with hunger and perishing with
thirst,
So slow they drag along.

THE DAY-DAWN.

“ Why did we leave old Egypt with its meat and drink,
and home,
To wander in the desert, and amid its wastes to roam ;
And to cross the Red Sea’s pathway, with its walls of
seething foam,
In the wilderness to die ? ”

Strong men took up the burden of the deep, complain-
ing sigh,
And louder swelled the tumult, fiercer grew the angry
cry,
“ Why did ye bring us hither, in the wilderness to die ?
Behold, we perish now ! ”

The weary, troubled Leader, with his white face stern
with pain,
’Mid the clamor of the people, not a word of cheer
could gain ;
But with sharp, discordant murmuring, the doubting,
dismal train
In hot rebellion raged.

And then the Lord Jehovah, who had brought his peo-
ple out,
Who had heard their grievous sighing, and the glorious
ringing shout,

THE DAY-DAWN.

When they saw the great deliverance which their Lord
had brought about,
When the enemy was slain—

He heard their moans and crying for the gift of daily
bread,
In the desolate, lone desert, when the night hung dark
o'erhead,
When his faithful servant humbly for his wayward people
plead,
And gave them their desire.

And the gracious, kingly answer, through the dust of
ages borne,
Comes today in all its grandeur to the saddened hearts
that mourn,
With its sweet, unclouded comfort to earth's children
faint and worn,
As the promise of their God.

Be patient, for the night-time but abideth for awhile;
“Joy cometh in the morning,” ye shall revel in her
smile;
From your anxious cares of evening she will soothingly
beguile
Your troubled thoughts away.

THE DAY-DAWN.

“And in the morning ye shall see the glory of the
Lord.”

What wondrous wealth of gladness do those words of
old, record ;

What better promise could we ask, what other could
afford

The precious gift of this?

Ah, the night is long and clouded, and the stars of hope
are dim,

And the desert sand is heavy ; and the mountains cold
and grim.

But, my soul, can it be darker unto thee than unto Him
Who suffered all its woes?

Yes, His feet grew just as weary, and His heart was
just as sore,

And the throbbing brow was bathed in blood ; the
earthly crown He wore

Was made of cruel, cruel thorns, in agony He bore
His cross and shameful death.

He suffered all the torments of the pangs of hunger
wild,

And the burning thirst unquenchable ; on Him, the
Undefined,

THE DAY-DAWN.

Man's punishment descended. He was mockingly re-
viled

By those for whom He died.

But the blessed, blessed morning of His glory cometh
fast;

And the world shall be His kingdom, and shall own its
King at last,

Oh! the rapture of that dawning shall be full and un-
surpassed!

Then wait, my soul, and trust.

“FOR IN THAT HE HIMSELF HATH SUFFERED.”

② FRIEND, art thou aweary,
And are thy footsteps slow?
Does life seem hard and dreary,
And has thy faith sunk low?
Dear heart, for souls grown weary
There is a gracious Rest,
Where life can not be dreary,
Where doubt can ne'er molest.

O friend, hast thou a sorrow,
Some burden hard to bear,
And dost thou dread the morrow,
And art thou sick with care?
Dear heart, the “Man of Sorrows”
Was sore-acquaint with grief,
Give him the dread tomorrows,
And trust him for relief.

"FOR IN THAT HE HIMSELF HATH SUFFERED:"

O friend, art thou in trouble,
In some such deep distress
That all thy woes seem double,
And steeped in bitterness?
Dear heart, the depths were sounded,
When in Gethsemane,
One knelt alone—death-wounded—
In agony for thee!

O friend, hast thou found broken
The reed of Friendship fond,
The pitiful, frail token
Of human love's weak bond?
Dear heart, the lips that hailed him,
Whose kiss lay warm and light,
Were not strange lips—there failed him,
One he called "friend" that night!

O friend, and art thou willing
To crucify again
The Christ, whose heart thou'rt filling
With sharp and cruel pain?
Dear heart, cease, cease thy sighing,
Beneath the cross is room;
Swift to its refuge flying,
Escape thy weight of gloom!

"FOR IN THAT HE HIMSELF HATH SUFFERED."

O friend, the same sweet pity
That wept o'er all the shame
And sin of that proud city,
To which, of old, he came—
Dear heart, 't is thine! Still keeping
Long, patient watch, doth wait
And knock, with tender weeping,
The Lord, outside thy gate!

AFTER ALL.

“**L**ORD, my heart is cold and heavy,
All within is dark and dead ;
Sin has quenched the last, faint ember ;
Fear walks with remorseless tread.
Deaf and stony to thy pleading,
Hard and angry, at thy call,
Blinded to thee, faint and bleeding :
Canst thou pardon, after all ?

“ Lord, thy voice has called me often,
Oft has plead with me in vain ;
Nothing seems to touch or soften,
E'en thy sorrow and thy pain.
Thou hast called me in life's morning,
And the flush of noontide hour ;
I have felt thy presence near me
In the midnight's solemn power.

“ I have heard thy voice repeating
O'er and o'er, ‘ Come unto me ;’

AFTER ALL.

And the sweetness of thy greeting
Almost drew me unto thee.
But the tempter, near me keeping,
Whispered, 'Not for thee that call;
As thou 'st sown, now thou art reaping,'
And I lingered after all.

"Now the summer long has ended;
Garnered are the harvest sheaves,
And the life thy love has tended,
Brings thee only faded leaves.
All thy love, thy grace, thy dying
Come before me at my call,
All my sin upon thee lying—
Must I perish after all?"

* * * * *

"List, my soul, the Lord is speaking;
Hope for thee may yet be found."
Silence deep around me, seeking
Only for that blessed sound.

"Child, a heart of love I'll give thee,
Take thy stubborn heart away;
Only listen, and believe me;
Only trust me, now, to-day.

AFTER ALL.

I have called thee and have sought thee
Through long days and nights so wild,
With my own life-blood I bought thee :
I am waiting still, my child

“ Here I answer to thy crying,
Weary soul, in me is rest.
Cease thy struggling, still thy sighing,
I will give thee what is best.
Long the tempter’s power has bound thee,
Chained with fetters strong and fast ;
Oh, my child, now I have found thee,
Wilt thou not be mine at last ?

“ True, the summer’s joy has vanished,
Winter drear comes to thy soul ;
Warmth and verdure now are banished,
Fierce the storms that o’er thee roll.
I have borne all these, and only
That for thee there might be peace ;
Think of all my earth-life lonely :
Shall the weary toil not cease ? ”

* * * * *

“ Oh, my Lord, my life, my Savior,
Take and keep me, all thine own ;

AFTER ALL.

Now I only ask thy favor,
Which thy patient love has shown.
Thou who followed all my straying,
Watched and waited for my call,
Grieving o'er me, hear me saying,
'Christ has saved me after all.'"

THE SPOTLESS GARMENT.

And ever, ever yet it falls and drifts
O'er town and field, o'er hill and valley, till all
Is covered deep with its white purity,
Till it doth seem as if the Lord
Had cast the mantle of his pity
O'er all the world, with all its crime,
And sin and stain! —ALEX. N. DE MENIL.

FAST falls the lovely drifting snow,
And all my pulses leap and glow,
Rejoicing in the winds that blow,
And heap it high and white.
But thoughts come fast that plead aloud
For pity for the homeless crowd,
That shivers in our city proud,
This dark and chilly night.

All day the clouds have hung on high;
And heedless to the outcast's cry,
All day the snow-flakes flitted by
Upon their mission sent.

THE SPOTLESS GARMENT.

What part have they with sin and death,
These atoms melted with a breath?—
Speed on, ye winds, your music saith,
For ill ye were not meant.

This vale ye cover deep and white,
Hath felt the hand of woe and blight,
And yet, ye in your whirling flight,
Cease not your gleeful dance
O'er all the dark and dismal place,
Where bare, bleak branches interlace,
Where Nature sobs and hides her face
From curious mortal glance.

Ye fill the air with misty veil,
And sighing winds, that moan and wail,
And tell the mournful, dying tale,
We know, alas, too well.
And yet, these winged crystals bright,
Unto our weary, tear-dimmed sight,
Reveal sweet visions of delight,
And tender stories tell.

They tell of hope, and love, and fear,
That mark our lives from year to year,

THE SPOTLESS GARMENT.

And cherished memories so dear
 To thee and thine and me.
And this the song the mad winds sing,
And glad the echoes roll and ring,
And to the world this promise bring,
 “Soon shall the springtime be!”

Yea, long as this sweet earth shall stand,
The day and night at God's command
And seasons, all, shall bless the land,
 Nor fail the appointed time ;
The Spring shall come with seed-time fair,
And Summer bloom shall fill the air,
And harvest show the loving care
 We sing with Christmas chime.

The weary world, whose throbbing breast
Beneath the snow in silent rest,
By soothing, sweet-voiced winds caressed,
 Sleeps, free from toil and pain.
And so, when strength has passed away,
And ended is the last, bright day,
Shall we look up and trusting say,
 “ We shall be young again ! ”

THE SPOTLESS GARMENT.

The earth awakens to the light,
And from the cold and gloomy night,
Breaks forth unto our dazzled sight,
In radiant beauty fair.

The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
Upon our night, unseal our eyes,
And heal the wounds and hush the sighs,
And us to glory bear.

No sin, no pain, no woe, no tears,
Through all the blissful, endless years;
No room for doubt, or care, or fears,
In hearts that find that spot.

No night, no chill, no thirst, unknown
The pangs of hunger; love alone,
Eternal joy, each gladsome tone
Speaks rapture clouded not.

Oh, send thy spotless robe of snow,
Washed in that crimson fountain's flow,
And make our hearts to thrill and glow
With love to Him who died.

Blot out the dark unsightly stain
That sin has made; that we may gain
Thy heaven through the love and pain
Of "Christ the crucified!"

LORD, IT IS I.

LORD, is it I thou art tenderly calling,
When thou dost say, "O thou weary one, come?"
Oh, the great darkness around me is falling,
Lo, with my lips in the dust I am dumb;
Fear taketh hold on me;
"Lord, is it I?"

Lord, is it I, for whose sake thou hast given
All that thine infinite love could supply?
Was it for me that those great nails were driven,
Was it for me thou didst suffer and die?
Shame overwhelmeth me,
"Lord, is it I?"

Lord, is it I, unto whom thou hast spoken,
I, who have wasted the beautiful years—
Thou whose least promise remains all unbroken,

LORD, IT IS I.

Is the word mine that my troubled heart hears,
"All is forgiven thee!"—

"Lord, is it I?"

Lord, it is I, who have often betrayed thee,
Wounded thee sorely, yea e'en unto death,
I, who with bitter denial repaid thee
All thy long love; I, whose lightest drawn breath
Hangs on thy mercy!

Yea, Lord, it is I!

Lord, it is I, who have grieved for the sorrow
Dimming thine eyes when they turned upon me;
I, who have mourned o'er and o'er on the morrow,
Sins of the yesterday, sins against thee,
Thou who didst die for me!—

Lord, it is I!

Lord, it is I, who would fall down before thee,
Sinful and worthless, yet daring to pray;
Jesus, have mercy on me, I implore thee,
Cast me not from thy dear presence away!
Didst thou not seek the lost?

Lord, it is I!

LORD, IT IS I.

Lord, it is I, whose sore cry cometh up to thee,
Ceaseless, importunate, day after day ;
Give thou life's darkest and bitterest cup to me,
Slay me, my Father, but say me not nay !
Lo, one doth come for rest,
Lord, it is I !

HER EASTER-SONG.

GOD'S angels came and rolled the stone away,
From the drear cavern where my dead heart lay,
My cold, dead heart, that died in bitter pain
When all my faith in human truth was slain—
My poor, tired heart, that found her idol clay.

Long time the doors to that death-house were sealed ;
While through the land each barren, wind-swept field
Heard the soft-spoken mandate "Land, awake!"—
Lo, in her beauty, for her Lord's sweet sake,
In lily-broidered robes she stood revealed.

Swift to the summons came her flying feet—
Glad for her gladness many a young heart beat—
Bells chimed to bells, and earth to answering sky
Sang out her joy—in haste to make reply,
Smiled the blue heaven her risen Lord to greet!

HER EASTER-SONG.

I heeded not ; no Easter-joy for me,
No breath of song, no child's soft laugh of glee
 Brake the deep silence death had kept so long—
 But now my heart has learned her Easter-song,
For "Christ is risen!"—I am free am free

III.

THE CHILDREN.

"For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

"Ye are better than all the ballads,
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

—LONGFELLOW.



MUST EVERY THING FADE?

“**M**UST every thing fade and grow old?” I smiled
As I turned to answer the beautiful child,
With her wide grey eyes and her wonderful hair,
A cloud of light with its sun-tint rare.

“Yes, darling,” I said, “in this world of ours
From the baby-birds and the baby-flowers,
The song must slip, and the blossom must fall,
And the boys and the girls grow strong and tall.”

“But I do not want to grow old!” she said,
And the smile I loved from the quick tears fled,
So I gathered her close in my arms and sought
To comfort the pain that my words had brought.

“You will never grow old, my precious one,
There is one sweet thing since the world begun,
That has known no age; 'neath the stars above,
All treasures of earth grow old, except Love.

MUST EVERY THING FADE?

“And you are Love, and the poets all say
Love is young, and most fair, and sweet always;
And so my wee darling can never be
Or ugly, or old; she is Love, you see!”

I kissed her bright hair, and her eyes, and chin,
Till the tears fain must let the sunshine in;
And sent her to play; the pet lamb of the fold;
I heard her sing, “I shall never grow old!”

Ah, me! All my hungering heart is stirred
With the memory, now, of each love-taught word!
That day, all unwitting I spake the truth;
My beautiful Love hath eternal youth!

EVELYN.

EVELYN, Evelyn!
Golden-headed Evelyn!
Eyes that shut the sunshine in!
Tawny eyes,
Fringed with lashes dark and long,
Arched with brows so straight and strong;
Fearless eyes —
Truth is mightier than wrong!
Evelyn, Evelyn!
Eyes with fire-lit shadows in!

Evelyn, Evelyn!
Golden-hearted Evelyn!
Heart a king might joy to win;
Loyal heart!
Slow to anger, swift to show
Sweet forgiveness to a foe;

EVELYN.

Tender heart !
Young, and brave, and pure as snow !
Evelyn, Evelyn !
Heart a king might die to win !

Evelyn, Evelyn !
Merry, girlish Evelyn !
Fair, pale brow and rounded chin ;
Bonnie lass !
Laughing lips with songs o'errun,
Soft pink cheeks kissed by the sun,
Winsome lass !
Loving, helpful little one ;
Evelyn, Evelyn !
Eyes that shut the sunshine in !

“GOD’S OWN RULE.”

© THAT was a bonnie answer,
Not learned where the World keeps school,
That the wise, wee maiden gave to him
Who asked her the “Golden Rule;”
“Why don’t you know?” she questioned,
“It is God’s own rule,” she said;
“The one that he always lives by, himself!”—
O dear little, wise little head!

O not in the musty volumes,
That sages and scholars scan,
Where Time has written his legends
’Neath the words that were writ by man;
Not there did she learn her wisdom,
O not from the World-blotted page!
She learned where the children learned their song,
In a far-off, wondrous age,

"GOD'S OWN RULE."

When along the sunny highway,
They hastened with branches sweet,
Stripped from the tender palm trees,
To carpet the city street;
And eighteen centuries clamor
To drown the children's cry,
E'en as of old, men censured them,
When Christ the King rode by!

Ah yes, 't was "the rule he lived by,"
In his home among Nazareth's hills;
We read of his beautiful boyhood,
And the same sweet record fills
The life of the young Child Jesus,
"Who pleased not himself;" "who gave
His life a ransom for many,"
From childhood to the grave.

O that was a bonnie answer.
The children's hearts to-day,
Are as quick to know God's meaning,
As when from their happy play,
They ran with their glad cry ringing,
To scatter the branches sweet,
And to make the sad way beautiful,
For the dear Lord's weary feet!

THREE LITTLE FACES PICTURED FAIR.

THREE little faces look down on me,
All day from over my mantel-tree ;
Morning and night-time I meet their eyes,
With a smile fast-followed by half-hushed sighs ;
For the three little faces pictured fair,
With their sweet child-lips and their soft, bright hair,
Bring a swift, sad thought and a rush of tears
For the pain and loss of the long, long years,
Since I folded the waxen hands so wee,
And kissed the pale lips that could not kiss me !

Three little faces look down on me,
The self-same beauty, my tired eyes see,
Though strange and dismal the four close walls,
To the heart that in vain for its "old home" calls.
Yet wherever my wandering feet may roam,
Wherever my dwelling, it still is "home,"—
Seaside, or mountain, or farm-house brown,
Or here in the dark and dingy town,

THREE LITTLE FACES PICTURED FAIR.

One dear bright spot makes it "home" for me,
Where the picture hangs of my darlings three!

Three little faces look down on me,
Two from earth-woe forever are free;
And I think, some day, o'er the low-arched gate,
I shall meet their smile, as wayworn and late,
I come to my Father's home, at last,
That hath sheltered my darlings so long;—and past
The threshold of gold, and the pearl-gate fair,
Past the wonderful wall of jewels rare—
My eyes shall look past them all, to see
My darlings keeping glad watch for me!

THE ELDER BROTHER.

SHE was a merry, winsome sprite,
And all the livelong day,
She played with sunny heart so light,
In sweet contented way ;
But when the evening shadows crept
In silence o'er the town,
The little feet more slowly stepped,
That pattered up and down.

She hears a footstep in the hall,
And runs with noisy glee,
And now we hear her joyous call,
“ Oh ! lift me, now, lift me ! ”
The strong, young arms uplift the child,
And toss her high in air,
With laughter clear, and sweet, and wild,
She charms away his care.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

Her baby-heart is filled with glee,
With joy, her little cup,
As thus she begs with touching plea,
“ Oh ! lift me, lift me up ! ”
She knows the arms are safe and strong,
That hold her in their grasp ;
She has no fear of harm, so long
As she can feel that clasp !

Though oft his arms are tired, and ache,
They never turn away
The little child, or careless, take
The brightness from her day.
Oh ! brother-heart that loves her so,
And tender arms, so strong
To lift her up ! Oh ! may she know
Such care and kindness long !

If we, when weary of the way,
And troubled oft and sore,
Would only trust from day-to day,
Our Elder Brother, more.
Oh ! Thou, my Helper, be thou near,
And when Life's bitter cup
Must touch my lips, my Brother, hear,
And “ lift me, lift me up ! ”

BABY'S LEGACY.

A WARM, glad memory of blissful days,
When earth seemed filled with grateful love and
praise ;
And then a dreary gloom of sad amaze,
And bitter loss.

Some dainty, ruffled garments he had worn,
A pair of tiny shoes all soiled and torn ;
The dimpled feet they pressed, are still ; I mourn,
And yet rejoice.

A whiter robe enfolds my darling now,
Than I could give ; his head will never bow
In shame, or grief. No long, rough pathways, now,
His feet may tire.

A ring of softest, shining golden hair,
That now I treasure dear, with loving care,
And think how oft my kisses lingered there,
On his dear head.

BABY'S LEGACY.

A heap of battered, broken, precious toys,
Because his fingers held them! Ah the joys
Of rich, blest mothers, who still have their boys
To keep and kiss.

An unused chair, an empty cradle-bed,
A little prayer, and sweet good-night unsaid,
A grassy mound among the silent dead,
Is left me here.

Ah me! I know that he is safe and blest,
The baby boy my clinging arms caressed;
I loved him so; but ah, God loved him best,
And blessed him thus.

ELWOOD.

AGED THREE.

© BONNIE little bairnie,
My soldier-laddie true,
The ranks of Time are waiting
Just such recruits as you!
God's sentinels are watching
Along the star-lit line,
For you to come and give them
The mystic countersign.

O fearless little soldier,
Your brave blue eyes look out,
And wonder-wide they open
Upon the world without.
What do you think, my laddie?
Your questions, childish deep,
And wise beyond my wisdom,
Within my heart I keep.

ELWOOD.

O merry little soldier,
The dimpled hands that grasp
Such warlike weapons, hold me
In soft caressing clasp;
And all unlearned in battle,
Or war's stern tactics, still
All fast and sure he keeps me
A prisoner, when he will!

O gallant little soldier,
Hold up your yellow head,
And boldly march to victory,
Naught, naught have you to dread;
Gird on your shining armor
Of Innocence and Truth,
Lift high your spotless banner,
The fair white flag of Youth!

O darling little soldier,
The angel-sentries keep
Their tireless vigil, 'round you
Their snow-bright pinions sweep!
Across the gleaming azure
The star-lit watch-fires shine,
God's sentinels are watching,
Ay, all along the line!

ELWOOD.

O blessed little soldier,
God's Army Royal waits,
The "G. A. R." of Heaven,
Your summons at the gates;
March on, my soldier-laddie,
Be this your banner bearing,
"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring!"
December 26, 1887.

THE CHRIST-CHILD IS KING.

A SAVIOR is born to the children of men,
Ring out, O ye bells, the glad tidings again,
Ring out through the darkness the wonderful joy,
For in David's own city sleeps Mary's sweet boy!

Ring, ring! for the Savior has come to his own.
As a child unto children he turns from his throne,
From the glory and gladness of heaven, to make
His bed in a manger, and all for love's sake!

O children, give welcome, the Christ-child is here,
Close, close to his manger the shepherds draw near;
The kings of the Orient bend o'er his head,
And kneel with their gifts at his strange cradle-bed.

Ah, Mary, did dreams of the cross and the grave
Sweep over your soul in that dim-lighted cave,
Where you pressed to the warmth of your young heart,
that night,
The child in whose eyes shone God's marvelous light?

THE CHRIST-CHILD IS KING.

Did some vision steal out from the shadows, and show
The path, thick with thorns, where those white feet
must go?

Did you see him an-hungred, sore tempted and tried,
And weep for the baby asleep by your side?

Or, in your fond dreaming, did scepter and crown,
With princes and peasants low-bending them down,
And kings for his courtiers, his kingdom the world,
Did you see o'er each city his banners unfurled?

Ah, sweet mother Mary, the child on your breast,
Had nowhere on earth for his tired head to rest,
And the soft baby-feet ere they reached that sad place,
All wounded and bleeding in life's weary race.

And yet we rejoice, the Savior is come!
Sing, lips, that in anguish and suffering are dumb!
He comes, and the heaven with music is filled,
At his voice all the waves of earth's sorrow are stilled.

He comes, O ye weary ones, bringing you rest;
He comes, O ye fearing ones, flee to his breast;
He comes, O ye sinful ones, burdened with shame,
And friend, "Friend of sinners," is Jesus' own name!

THE CHRIST-CHILD IS KING.

Ring out, O ye bells, for the Christ-child is King ;
The world is his kingdom, oh sing, children sing !
The gateway of death, the grave's threshold, is passed,
All glorious, victorious, he ruleth at last !

CLARA.

I WATCHED her fingers dance along
The keys that rose and fell,
And timed their music with the song
I'd loved so long and well ;
Dear tender words the sweet lips sung
To comfort my sad heart,
And in my heart their echo rung
And took away the smart
That lingered there and would not flee,
Although my lips and eyes
Must sing and smile and hide for me
My trouble and my sighs.

Dear child, may thy glad life be filled
With love and music sweet ;
God grant the song may ne'er be stilled,
Or lost in sobs. Thy feet

CLARA.

That tread so lightly youth's bright way,
Where roses blush and blow,
May find the cruel thorns some day,
That hide where roses grow ;
But darling, thou art safe, for He
Who sends both tear and smile,
Will love, and bless, and comfort thee,
Through all "earth's little while."

THE WEE BIT BAIRNS.

EDNA AND BEATRICE IN CHURCH.

TWO little heads a-bobbing
Over the top of the pew ;
One with great grey eyes shining,
And one with her eyes of blue ;
One like a fair, pale moonbeam,
And one like a sun-gleam bright—
Each in her innocent gladness,
Each with her child-heart light !

There were men with their grey heads bending
With the weight of years of care ;
There were women with hearts sore troubled,
Come to pour them out in prayer ;—
And the strong, young men and maidens,
In their beautiful, fearless grace ;—
And the peace of the Sabbath glory,
Crept over the shepherd's face.

THE WEE BIT BAIRNS.

And the hush of a holy silence,
Filling that sacred hall,
Like the smile of a tender Father,
Stole into the hearts of all,
With its restful benediction,
And sweetened the cup of life ;—
Forgotten, a moment, the conflict,
Peace, for an hour, 'mid the strife.

And the earnest words that were spoken,
The songs that glad voices sung ;
And the prayers that went up that morning,
When the gates of pearl were swung
Ajar on their golden hinges,
While the angels, listening, bent
In silence to hear the message
That “by way of heaven” was sent.

Methinks that their loud “Hosannas !”
And the anthem grand and strong,
Must have echoed a moment, softer,
While the hush in the angels' song
Was filled with the strange earth-music
Of a childish voice that sung
Of the love of a precious Savior ;—
How the glad, clear notes out-rung !

THE WEE BIT BAIRNS.

And I think that the Lord of glory,
In his sad short life among men,
Must have found a bit of sunshine
In the love of the children, then;
And now 'mid the splendor of heaven,
And the hymns of that countless throng,
I think that he loves to hearken
To a little one's happy song.

Two little heads a-bobbing
Like wild-flowers, dainty and coy,
And one is our bonnie "Blessing,"
And one is our neighbor's "Joy."
Thank God for the "wee bit bairns"
That laugh in their innocent mirth!
Life's beauty would fade if the children
Were lost from the homes of earth!

BABY'S BLOSSOM.

HEART'S-EASE.

AFTER ALICE CARY.

AMONG the beautiful blossoms,
That bless us from spring to fall,
The one that we call the pansy,
To me is dearest of all.
Not for the velvety petals,
Dark with a purple glow ;
Not for the gleam of sunshine
That hides in the heart below ;
Not for the faint, sweet fragrance,
Borne on the zephyrs free,
Or the dainty, nodding leaflets,
"It seemeth the best to me."

Not that one floweret is golden,
And another white as snow,
Or black, or azure, or crimson,
Its bright buds blossom and blow.

BABY'S BLOSSOM.

For other flowers may be sweeter,
And fairer their leaves unfold,
But I love the little heart's-ease,
With leaves of purple and gold
To me, its fair, frail blossoms
A sweet, sad story tell,
And I think of one who loved them,
Whom earth hath kissed farewell.

My darling baby sister,
My little flower of June ;
When all the earth was gleeful,
And glad each gay bird's tune,
God sent to us this treasure,
To love and guard for him ;
One dear short year she blessed us,
Then ere the eyes drooped dim
She reached her tiny fingers
To catch the blossom bright ;
Unto the last she loved it,
Then waked to Heaven's light.

And so, to me, this floweret
Is dearest of them all ;
The lovely, stately beauties
That others fairest call,

BABY'S BLOSSOM.

To me have not a semblance
Of beauty like to thine,
Dear pansy ; baby's blossom
I also choose for mine !
And when with her I'm sleeping,
'Neath grave-mound grassy-grown,
Will some one scatter heart's ease
O'er us from stone to stone ?

THE CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

"And the streets of the city shall be full of girls and boys playing in the streets thereof."—ZECHARIAH.

AND the streets of the city,
The wonderful city,
Where no one is hungry or cold,
Shall be full of the children,
The dear little children,
Who will never grow weary or old!

And they play in their gladness,
Their sorrowless gladness,
All day where the fountains flash out;
And the laugh of the fountains,
The life-giving fountains,
Mingles soft with their laughter and shout.

And the day in its brightness,
Its marvelous brightness,
That is not of the moon or the sun,

THE CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

Shines fair on their faces,
Their sweet, winsome faces,
And lights their bright hair as they run.

In the clear-flowing river,
The crystal-clear river,
They dip their wee fingers and smile;
For from its cool bosom,
Its mirror-like bosom,
Peeps a face with an answering smile.

And they rest 'neath the shadow,
The dim, grateful shadow,
On the banks of the stream as it flows
'Neath the great branches bending,
With ripe fruit low-bending,
Where the blossoming tree of life grows.

And through the wide valleys,
The flower-bestrewn valleys,
They wander and sing out their joy:
And up the green hillsides,
The glory-lit hillsides,
They climb, hand in hand, girl and boy.

THE CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

And when the clear trumpet,
The silver-voiced trumpet,
Awakens the echoes, they fly
On feet swift as swallows,
As fleet-pinioned swallows,
And their golden-stringed harps lift on high.

As white doves home-flying,
As white snowflakes flying,
They gather from river and hill ;
The numberless children,
The glad-hearted children,
And for one brief moment are still !

Then down at His footstool,
His pearly-white footstool,
They kneel with bright heads all uncrowned ;
Then with one "Hosanna !"
One great, glad "Hosanna !"
The arches of heaven resound !

"To Him who hath loved us !"
"Hath loved us !" — "Hath loved us !"
The echoes repeat the glad song,

THE CHILDREN'S HEAVEN.

“Be blessing, and glory!”
“And glory!”—“And glory!”
The glad echoes send it along.

Oh! the joyful young voices!
The sorrowless voices,
Ring out in their fullness of power,
O'er the voices of cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
For this is the children's own hour.

IV.
MISCELLANEOUS.

“Be still and strong,
O man, my brother, hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong—
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation—lights of death.”

—MRS. BROWNING.



LIFE'S SOLITUDE.

THE soul must bear its keenest grief alone ;
Alone must wage fierce conflicts with its foes ;
Must make stern sacrifice without a moan,
To tell of thorns instead of fairest rose.

Yet recompense into our lives hath crept ;
Each soul may claim some joy none else may share ;
Some proud sweet sense of full possession kept
Inviolat in all its beauty there.

“FACE THE OTHER WAY!”

WHENCE this fear-filled army, flying from the field?
What strong foe has met them, forced them thus
to yield?

See the star-hung banner draggled 'neath their feet
In the shame and terror of their wild retreat!

Hark! The voice of Sheridan o'er the wreck-strewn
track,

“FACE THE OTHER WAY, BOYS, WE ARE GOING BACK!”

O they knew their Leader, gallant soldier, he,
Not a man but knew he led back to victory!
Royally they rallied, those weary men in blue,
Royally they honored him, their Leader tried and true—
Clear and sharp his call rang out across his army's track,
“FACE THE OTHER WAY, BOYS, WE ARE GOING BACK!”

Back to win the battle,—where is all their fear?
O faint-hearted soldier, shout that voice to hear!

"FACE THE OTHER WAY."

Loyally obeying, as soldiers and as men,
Back they marched with Sheridan, to take the field
again!

Not a man among them could hope or courage lack,
"FACE THE OTHER WAY, BOYS, WE ARE GOING BACK!"

COME THOU, GOOD DEATH.

COME thou, good Death, my voiceless friend, and
keep,

Close by my side ;
Thou art my friend, thou and thy sister Sleep,
The lovely bride
Of star-eyed Night, the silver-voiced, the sweet,
Whose brooding presence o'er the darkling street,
Hushes the way for his fair lady's feet,
At even-tide.

Come thou, good Death, thy restful shadow falls
Athwart my noon ;
The soft, cool air breathes o'er the ivied walls,
Its voice atune
With heaven's own music ; and in thy deep eyes,
I read the message of the midnight skies,
"Peace !" like an angel's smile within them lies ;
O ! gracious boon !

COME THOU, GOOD DEATH.

Come thou, good Death, thy stern, sad lips are kind,
They speak no word ;
No word of bitter blame, no anger blind,
Thy lips hath stirred ;
“ The golden silence of the Greek ” is thine,
The tenderness and calm, the hush divine
Of slumber where no dream, or voice, or sign,
Is ever heard.

So thou and I, good Death, will walk a space,
Till weary, I
Shall bid thee make for me a resting-place
Where I may lie ;
And thou wilt lift me in thine arms and kiss
My pallid lips and fast-shut eyes, and this
Will be thy mute “ Good-night,” nor would I miss
Thy sweet “ Good b’ye ! ”

ENTRE NOUS.

THE world may pass in mocking splendor by,
And coldly scorn, or silently disdain;
What matters it so long as you and I
Together share life's losses and its gain?
Between ourselves, the world's opinion, dear,
Is little worth, provided all is right
Within the heart, and ever fair and clear,
Truth's beacon shines, with steady, radiant light.

No man can judge another's deed, or know
The thought, perchance, that gave the action birth;
Shall we condemn one, blindly, thus, and throw
The smallest stain upon some brother's worth?
Between ourselves, the world is often wrong,
And Innocence is slain, while Guilt rides by;
Ah, Life's a puzzle, Love's a sad sweet song,
We hold the clue, and key-note, you and I!

THE HOME OF MELODY.

WHERE dwells that sweetest spirit,
The joy of human life,
That tender, unseen presence,
That stills the fiercest strife?

When soft, clear tones come stealing
Across the twilight calm,
And white-robed children kneeling,
Repeat some evening psalm.

What strange, unearthly beauty
Makes bright her chosen home,
When sternest toil and duty
Grow light where she doth roam!

Ah, ye may search forever,
From pole to far-off pole;
The dwelling-place of Music
Is only in the soul.

THE HOME OF MELODY.

She lifts the hearts of millions,
In worship true and deep ;
A lullaby she crooneth,
To hush the babe to sleep.

And 'mid the noise of battle,
Above the roar and din,
She calls men on to victory,
Inspiring hearts to win.

And o'er some voiceless sleeper,
While mourners crowd around,
She sings her sad sweet requiems,
Upon the burial-ground.

EQUAL.

EARTH, the sweet mother of us all,
Giveth to each dear child, her best ;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
Alike are loved, alike are blessed
With all her beauty, tender-wise,
With all her wealth of fruit and flowers,
The smile of bending summer-skies,
Sun-gold, and dew, and diamond-showers.

He who will lift his eyes may see,
And call these common gifts his own ;
And o'er each one at last shall be
Our common mother's mantle thrown.
To each shall come that silent guest,
Whom men call Death, and none may say
Unto this pale, dumb king's behest,
With proud, calm lips a careless "Nay!"

EQUAL.

Each bows in silence to his will,
Folding his hands upon his breast;
And o'er each heart grown cold and still,
He lays the waxen lily, "Rest."
And life is sweet, but sweeter yet,
Is this, where all earth-strife shall cease;
"For Death remembers to forget,"
And gives the "wounded spirit"—Peace!

LOST VIOLETS.

VIOLETS of November !
Darling spring-time flowers,
Did you just remember
This bleak world of ours?
And straightway upspringing,
Burst your prison-clay,
With your beauty bringing
Tender thoughts of May.

Violets of November !
All the fields are bare,
Waiting for December,
White and cold and fair !
Dusty, thorny hedge-rows
Brown and leafless stand ;
And the last sweet bird goes
To the warm South-land.

LOST VIOLETS.

Blessed baby-violets,
Blue as yonder sky ;
Precious, olden promise
In your heart doth lie !
God doth not forget us,
Though the sad, old year
With its woe doth fret us,
He is ever near.

Violets of November !
You are lost, I know,
Yet will I remember
How you came to grow
In this month so cheerless,
With its frost and chill,
Violets brave and fearless,
Doing God's sweet will !

LOVE HATH NO NEED OF WORDS.

WORDS—
Empty words!—

When the soul shrinks back,
When stunned and benumbed it feels the lack
Of some precious thing; when the homeward track
It must walk alone.—

Ah, we each have known,
When the Death-angel kissed our loved, our own,
How vain and cruel the words oft seem
That we hear and answer as in a dream,
When stricken low
'Neath some rude blow,
The quivering, tortured heart must know
The emptiness and the bitterness,
The misery of words,
Mere words!

Friend,
Dearest friend,

LOVE HATH NO NEED OF WORDS.

When my heart must break,
And my faith grows faint ; for love's sweet sake
Come thou and in tenderest silence take
 Me, and hold me fast,
 Till the storm sweep past,
 And the "Peace, be still!" I shall hear at last.
I shall feel the throb of thine aching heart,
I shall know it hath in my grief a part,
 'Thy tears on my cheek
 Will fall and speak
 Thy pity and love for thy friend so weak,
 And silently I shall lean on thee,
 Love hath no need of words,
 Vain words!

UPON THE HILLS.

THE hills are green, the air is sweet,
 Around me every-where
I see the trace of shining feet,
 That wingéd sandals wear.
I found a bush in bud to-day,
 I saw an old stone wall
All bright with green against its gray ;
 My neighbor's trees are all
Astir with sudden life, and wait,
 Impatient to make sweet
With blossoming branches, soon or late,
 The length of our small street.

My neighbor's trees will blossom fair,
 My neighbor's lilies blow ;
And earth once more awake to wear
 Her loveliest robe ; but O

UPON THE HILLS.

Our eyes will look in vain to see
The eyes whose sunshine fled,
The dead Mays come again, but she—
She comes not, our sweet dead !
We left her sleeping on the hill,
White as the May, her snow !
She comes no more—and still, and still
The Easter-lilies blow !

V.

WHOM MEN CALL DEAD.

"Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief; death can not long divide.
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side?"
—ALICE CARY.



MY SHADOW-DARLINGS.

DIM shadow-faces greet me through the gloom,
Faint shadow-voices call as from the tomb,
Pale groping hands reach out in mute appeal,
Wide dream-dark eyes upon my vision steal,
And I am haunted, haunted by the dead!

Beside me through the careless crowd they walk;
Unseen, they sit anear me while I talk;
Unheard, they come and go; by night, by day,
These weird companions throng my busy way,
And I am haunted, haunted by the dead!

I fear them not, their faces turn to me
With no reproach; their voices seem to be
Voices I heard in other life than this;
The touch of those soft wistful hands I'd miss,
Were I not haunted, haunted by the dead!

MY SHADOW-DARLINGS.

Dear eyes, my kisses sealed so long ago,
Sweet eyes, long hid from earth, did I not know
That ye would come sometimes and look in mine,
What then would be to me earth's sun and shine,
Did ye not haunt me, blessed, blessed dead!

To other eyes perhaps ye would not be
So fair, sweet dead, but oh, to me, to me,
Ye are not dead, my shadow-darlings true!
The world is false and cruel, dears, but you,
Ah! ye are tender-true, my deathless dead!

AFTER LONG YEARS.

WE kissed her softly, and we let her go,
For she had grown so weary, and her feet
Had lingered fondly on earth's bosom low,
And now with eager steps passed from us, fleet,
Upon their journey to another land.

We could not hear the voice of Him who came
That summer evening to our open door,
Our ears were dull, but when He called her name,
She gave glad answer; she, His likeness bore,
And knew the call we could not understand.

And when He whispered, "Sleep, beloved!" she slept,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast;
And strange sweet peace across her eyelids crept;
In silentness, and perfectness of rest,
The priceless gift fell from His gentle hand.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

Alone with Him she left our clinging arms,
We loved her, but we could not say him nay,
For, ah, we knew that safe from earth's alarms,
His love would shield and shelter her alway,
Though otherwise our love had dreamed and planned !

And now the glad earth waits her footsteps light,
The flowers look up to greet her blossom-face,
But never, never, day, or dusk, or night
Can woo her to us from her dwelling-place,
Beyond the crystal sea and golden sand.

She walks and talks with those we may not see,
And heart to heart in dear companionship,
She liveth day by day, and longingly,
We think of her who softly slow did slip
In the dim twilight from our household band.

We think of her with sudden tears, and throb
Of quickening pulse, and then we sigh and say
"O! she is happy, happy!" and the sob
That creeps up from the aching heart, gives way
To wistful smiles, so near to border-land

AFTER LONG YEARS.

Of lightest laughter are deep tears.—And we
Who miss our lost one ever more and more,
Rejoice in all her gladness; when we see
Her dear face brighten as it did of yore,
When in the beauty of her home we stand

And watch her spring to meet us, we shall know
Our little one, although no more a child,
And in her eyes will catch the same swift glow
Of the sweet spirit that all undefiled,
Entered long since “her Father’s mansion” grand.

Each year brings to her heart some new, good gift,
Some great unlooked-for blessing to her feet;
Her eyes behold, each hour some veil uplift,
Each cloudless birthday finds her life complete,
In that far country, God’s sweet heaven-land!

July 15, 1886.

IN MEMORIAM.

MEN spake his name all reverently and grieved that
he was dead—

That great, that noble soul was free, that soul by angels
led,

Into the court celestial, all clothed in robes divine,
The righteousness of Him he loved ; adown that blazing
line

Of cherubim and seraphim, and ranks of heaven's blest,
Transcendent in their gloriousness, all radiant in their rest !
He moved amid them humbly, "as a little child" he
passed

The hosts so strong and beautiful, until he came at last
To see His face, before whose light, the darkness flees
away ;

Whom seeing, there is naught to ask, or think, or wish
for aye !

"And they shall see his face ;"—their sins, their sorrows
nevermore

Shall pierce them ! All triumphantly they stand on
yonder shore,

IN MEMORIAM.

And sing, as never mortals sing on these death-shadowed strands,
Crowned with immortal joy they shine, and in their glowing hands
“The harps of God” in melody all matchless wake to song,
Across that sea of crystal flame, throng answering to throng;
“As the voice of many waters;” as “deep calling unto deep,”
The marvelous, the mighty song, whose echoes may not sleep!
His voice that woke the echoes lost in the aisles of Time,
That thrilled the waiting silence with eloquence sublime,
Hath joined the choir majestic, that chants in gladsome strain
The anthem of the host redeemed, the wonderful refrain!
That company innumerable, whose garments white and fair
They washed in that once-opened fount, with music fills the air.
O soul, yet stumbling in the dark and dismal “vale of tears,”
Give thanks that he rejoiceth aye through heaven’s golden years!

IN MEMORIAM.

The heart that ached through weary days on earth, shall
never know

One throb of pain or bitterness, or e'er with grief beat
slow !

“Forever with the Lord ; Amen, so let it be !” we bow
In awe before the thought of this, his blessed portion
now.

Like one of old whose strong, brave soul, still felt the
fire of youth,

God laid his seal upon those lips whose burning words
in truth

Rang in the careless ears of men the message from on
high ;

Scarce were the startled echoes hushed, till he was called
to die.—

“To die?” Nay, rather say of him as that sweet saint
of old,

“AND HE WAS NOT ; GOD TOOK HIM !” For him the
days unfold

Their mystery of blessedness, their wealth is all his own ;
The love “ which passeth knowledge,” or speech, to him
is known !

March 9, 1886.

SHE LIVES BEYOND THE SKIES.

SKIES, be glad! Ye hold a brighter star,
For that she lives beyond your sapphire wall!
O singing angels, in yon land afar,
Sing softly, so mine ears may hear through all,
The music of her voice, lest one note fall
And I hear not; her voice was sweet, so sweet,
Without it heaven's song was incomplete,
So o'er the mountains came the shining feet
Of His fair angels, and she heard them call,
And suddenly, with longing strangely great,
Her wistful soul looked out from her dear eyes
And spake her answer—though we wait and wait,
And call her name, and seek her soon and late,
She cometh not—she lives beyond the skies!

THE BABY WENT A-VISITING.

THE baby went a-visiting,
For two whole days or more,
It seemed to us the dear old house
Was ne'er so still before.
We caught ourselves a-listening,
For that small voice to break
The silence, and had almost said,
"The baby is awake!"

Our baby went a-visiting,
Ah, many years ago,
Before his blue eyes caught the gleam
Of two white winters' snow;
The little angels shook their curls
Across his bonnie face,
And lured him to their shining home,
And in that "happy place,"

THE BABY WENT A-VISITING.

He stays and stays ; O baby mine,
 Since your sweet mouth I kissed,
Not one long day or night hath passed,
 But I, your presence missed !
Though other little heads have lain
 Since then upon my breast,
My heart still waits to hear your voice,
 Whom God hath blessed, hath blessed !

MY DARLING.

SHE has bid me farewell ; cold and voiceless she lies,
With the wonderful light vanished from the sweet
eyes

And the pale, patient lips smile with peace not of earth,
And the beautiful face speaks of heavenly birth.

And the soft, snowy hands, folded close o'er her breast,
Where the warm, loving heart ceased its throbbing to
rest.

Oh ! dear little feet in such restful repose,
That so weary had grown ere the short journey's close.

No rough paths may tire them, no pilgrimage soil ;
Nor the still body ache 'neath the burden of toil.

In fair, clinging garments we robed the sweet dead,
With delicate laces, and flowers 'round her head.

MY DARLING.

And we pressed the dear forehead and white dimpled
chin

With fond, lingering kisses, that the dead, only, win.

Not death! Nay, 't is life which our darling hath found;
'Tis the form that we loved, sleeps beneath this dear
mound.

"After all, life is short," and I know it will be
"A little while," only, my darling, to thee.

Ere my glad eyes shall gaze with unshadowed delight,
On thee and my loved ones, where cometh no night.

In that home of our Father, and blest with his smile,
'These long years we'll mention as "earth's little while."

The lilies will bloom at the glad Easter-tide,
And the roses will blossom and glow far and wide—

And the birds sing as blithe as the summer before;
But one caroling voice earth shall welcome no more.

And my life will go on with its sun and its shade
And the smiles and the tears of which life is made—

MY DARLING.

But under the smiling lips hideth a sigh,
And deep in the heart a great sorrow doth lie—

And all through the bloom and the storms of the year,
The sweep of an angel's dear wings I shall hear.

Oh, darling, each eve bringeth nearer the shore
Of the City of God, where we grieve nevermore.

And together our glad hearts shall offer their praise
For the love of the dear Christ who blessed all our days.

THE NIGHT SHE DIED.

GOD called, Night wrapped her shimmering mantle
close, and wept ;—

God called, and Silence in great darkness nearer crept ;—

God called, and his beloved one in safety slept.—

Sad watch we kept.

She slept, Night's ghostly garment trailed its dusky fold
Above the hills, the hills so strong and strangely old,
And Dawn slipped shivering down as though afraid and
cold ;—

Sad watch we hold.

Sad watch !—Dawn came and peeped within her half-
shut eyes,

And met no answering smile of sudden, sweet surprise,
Wherewith of old they greeted her, now heaven-wise,

Peace on them lies !

Noontide ! No stir of hand or foot, no eyelid's start
In soft bewilderment of dreams, to trembling part,

THE NIGHT SHE DIED.

And wonder if 'tis morn!—Ah hands, ah lips, ah heart—
Beyond our art!

God called, and Silence came and rested here, and
Death

Laid his one only kiss upon her lips, and breath
Was not;—no more unrest, nor aught that wearieeth,
Is hers, he saith!

TODAY GOD CALLED HER HOME.

© CHILDREN in God's House of Song,
When came the message speeding,
That she who loved you well and long,
Was done with prayer and pleading;
O did you in your happy youth,
Run swift to give her greeting?
Methinks that hearts were glad, in sooth,
At that most gladsome meeting!

O children in God's House of Bread,
When came the message flying,
That she who blessed you "in Christ's stead,"
Was done with tears and dying,
O did you from your happy play
Turn with bright eyes slow-filling?
Methinks that child-hearts ached today,
And sobs were laughter stilling!

TODAY GOD CALLED HER HOME.

O patient heart, O faithful heart !
Earth's burden seemeth lighter,
Because that thou didst bear thy part
So well ; life seemeth brighter
Because that thou didst live and love—
O years of gracious giving !
How in the watching hearts above.
Dear memories are living !

* * * * *

Rest, loving heart ; sleep, gentle eyes ;
Stir not, O generous hands !
Through the wide gates of Paradise,
Sweep softly, angel-bands !—
The shining ones around her throng,
And up the starry way,
To God's sweet House of Light and Song,
They bore her home, today !

DEAR BABY-BOY.

MY baby-boy! His little head
Will never lean upon my breast;
They tell me that my baby's dead—
In God's sweet home of blissful rest
My baby lives! He is not dead.

The light within his tender eyes,
Where soft, brown shadows glow and fade,
Will never shine in glad surprise,
Will never darken with the shade
Of grief that waits beneath earth's skies.

My baby-boy! Dear little hands,
I feel their touch upon my cheek;
My heart seems bound with iron bands,
My trembling lips refuse to speak—
They can not kiss those dimpled hands.

DEAR BABY-BOY.

Dear restless feet! How oft I wait
To hear their patter in the hall;
And night and morning, soon and late,
I list to hear his sweet voice call;
O baby mine, in vain I wait.

Dear baby-heart, that ne'er hath known
Sin-stain or sorrow, ne'er will ache
As mine doth now; joy, joy alone,
No bitter grief will ever take
Thy gladness, though my heart doth moan.

Thy little life, a dream too sweet
For earth to keep, hath passed away;
The hours sped on with wingéd feet,
And seemed as one glad summer day—
So swift they flew on pinions fleet.

And when we spoke of death, we thought
Of those whose life-sands slowly run;
To whom life's joy or pain seems naught,
So near to evening sinks their sun,
So nearly is their task full-wrought.

DEAR BABY-BOY.

To whom that silent one had come,
Whom we call Pain, and watched and wept
And hushed for them the busy hum
Of day ; and while they dreamed and slept,
Death came and kissed thy sweet lips dumb.

My baby-boy ! My mother-heart
Will not be comforted tonight,
For thou art not ; we are apart,
Though round me with young faces bright,
Dear children cluster, yet my heart

Still cries for thee, though well I know
That thou art safe, so safe and blest !
Thy little feet will never go
In paths that stray ; upon His breast
He bore thee home, beyond earth's woe.

And so my quivering lips would say,
The while in tears and sobs I kneel,
“ Dear Father, lead in thine own way
My heart to thee, till I shall feel !
My baby's kiss in heaven some day ! ”

“WE SHALL KNOW.”

SHALL I find you, shall I know you,
O my darlings, lost so long?
Shall I know your long-hushed voices,
In the wonderful, new song?
Will the smile I used to welcome,
Dawn in your dear eyes, as when
I of old could smile an answer,
When your home was here 'mongst men?

O my darlings, are you lying
Underneath the bloom of May?
You whose hair was like the sunshine,
Yet whose glory might not stay?
In your eyes the dreams of heaven,
Unforgotten memories—
On your lips the heaven-taught music
Of the angels' melodies.

Or, my darlings, have you wakened
Long ere this in some fair land?

"WE SHALL KNOW."

In the gladness of some morning,
Found some joyous, singing band?
Have they clasped warm arms around you,
Taught your lips their happy song,
In their love have you found comfort?
O beloved, we mourn you long!

O my darlings, who are counted
With the dead, whose graves are bright
In each fair earth-resurrection,
We who live and grieve tonight
Ne'er have shut you from us; never
Find again the joy of life,
Since the death-gates closed behind you
Who were called to leave the strife.

O my darlings, heaven is heaven;
And who look into His eyes
And behold Him "in His beauty"—
This, they say, e'er satisfies.
But my darlings, O my darlings,
Do you never think of those
Who on earth still love you, longing
For the eyes they watched Death close?

"WE SHALL KNOW."

O my darlings, in the valley,
And upon the hillside high,
In your lonely graves we laid you,
'Neath the smiling summer sky—
Every spring the strange, new marvel
Of the violets and grass,
And the thrill of life returning
From the dead, still comes to pass.

And the trees above you whisper
Softly, not to break your sleep—
And the tender vines in silence
Lovingly about you creep.
O my darlings, when each rosebud
Comes again to bless our eyes,
In your sweet, remembered beauty
Shall not you also arise?

I shall find you, O my darlings,
When the hard, rough journey's done,
When all scarred and wounded sorely
In life's battles, I have won
To the "rest" that He prepareth,
E'en for such as I, mine own,

"WE SHALL KNOW"

Torn and tossed by sin's dark billows,
Conflict you have never known!

O my darlings, I shall find you,
At your white feet fall some day,
You who loosed your pilgrim-sandals
Ere your feet had learned to stray—
I shall find you, I shall know you,
When at last my feet shall rest
Safe inside the gates He opened,
Then indeed shall I be blessed.

WHEN SHALL THE GLAD DAY COME?

AS “the eyelids of the morning,” as the coming of
the day,

She looketh forth, the Beautiful, upon the King’s high-
way ;

Oh, radiant as the dawning of a day of June in heaven,
Or the Resurrection sunrise on the best day of the seven !

She looketh forth, the Beautiful, ay, fairer than the
moon ;

Ay, clearer than the sun that mounts the steeps of
Joy’s high noon !

Her light of blessing borrowed from the Light of life,
her Sun,

The glorious “Sun of Righteousness,” the bright, the
beauteous One.

Upon her brow she wears His name, His name upon her
breast ;

The diadem of diamonds pales beside that shining crest—

WHEN SHALL THE GLAD DAY COME?

His signet-ring upon her hand, His sandals on her feet,
Robed in His seamless vestment white, she hastes her
King to greet!

She looketh forth exultantly, the grand highway is
made,
The path that leads from Calvary, the royal road is
laid—
Ay, past Gethsemane for aye, the way she hath pre-
pared,
She knows how once on earth's rough roads the Princely
Pilgrim fared!

No more, no more, the cup of gall, the thorn-bound
crown, the cross;
No more the death-dark agony, no more for love but
loss.
Straight from Golgotha's ghastly gloom, straight through
the stone-sealed tomb,
She hath made beautiful His way, for Him she hath
made room!

Ay "once for all" he drained the cup of suffering to
its lees;
The bitterness is past for aye, His soul's reward he sees;

WHEN SHALL THE GLAD DAY COME?

Upon ten thousand thousand lips, His name the sweet-
est name,
And countless banners bravely borne proclaim His
deathless fame!

She looketh forth, the Beautiful, in strength and might
divine,
And as an army, terrible, with banners, line on line,
The glittering ranks outshine the sun, the silver bugles
call,
No danger, no defeat can daunt, till at the front they
fall!

And who is she, the Beautiful, who looketh forth as
dawn?
“Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,” the Poet-king
hath drawn
The waiting Bride’s fair portrait, by the pen divinely
taught,
And coming men shall stand in awe to see what God
hath wrought!

Upon her brow His patience, His love upon her breast;
His gifts she gives with open hands; her feet nor tire,
nor rest;

WHEN SHALL THE GLAD DAY COME?

And traced upon her garment's hem is Holiness, and
they
Who touch with reverent fingers soft, are cleansed and
healed straightway.

She waiteth for her Lord and King; through darksome
vales she came;
Through dungeon doors, through seas of blood, through
fierce and hungry flame.
'Cross frozen heights, and ocean storms, with tortured
heart she fled,
Hated and hunted for His sake, she counts her martyred
dead.

Adown the gleaming pathway her royal cortege speeds;
Afar in safe and pleasant fields her happy, young flock
feeds;
To meet the angel escort a hundred million strong,
That with Him in His glory come, she leads her hosts
along!

God speed thee, O thou blessed day, when all the earth
shall know
The name of Christ the Crucified, who laid the great
Foe low.

WHEN SHALL THE GLAD DAY COME?

O Church of Christ, triumphant, on thy heaven-born
mission haste,
Till the roses of his blood-bought peace shall glad each
desert waste !

Take up thy cross, so like to His, and yet so light be-
side

The heavy one He bore for thee! On! On! whate'er
betide !

Rest not, nor tarry by the way, His work brooks no de-
lay ;

Thou knowest not if soon He come, or late—mayhap
today !

Make ready, O Beloved, thou “ Beautiful in strength !”
The prophecy of day is nigh, the night is past at length ;
Already in the eastern towers the watchmen hail the
dawn ;

Awake, Beloved, Beautiful, and put thy bride-robcs on !

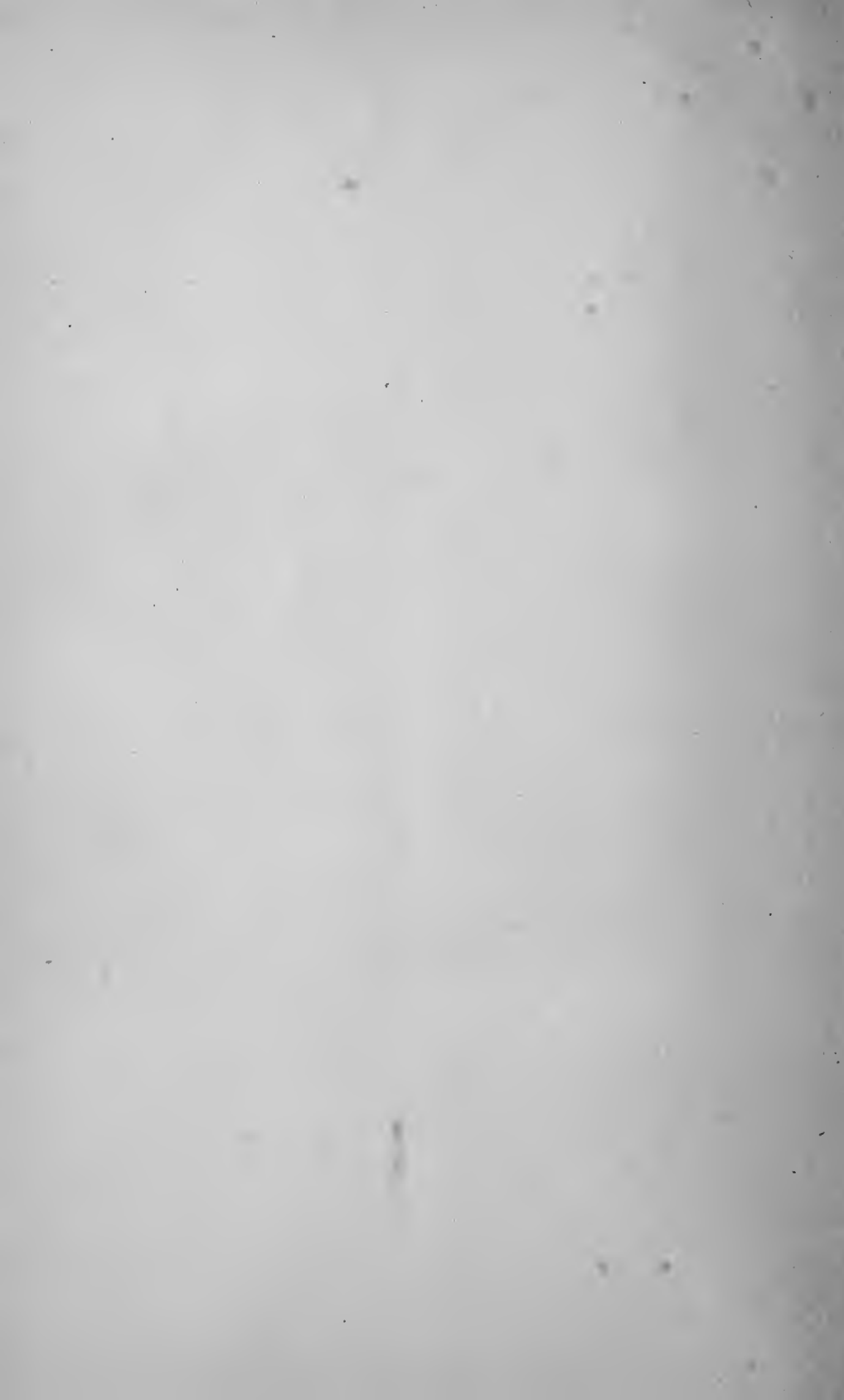
Arise, Beloved, shine, for He, thy Light of life, is
come ;

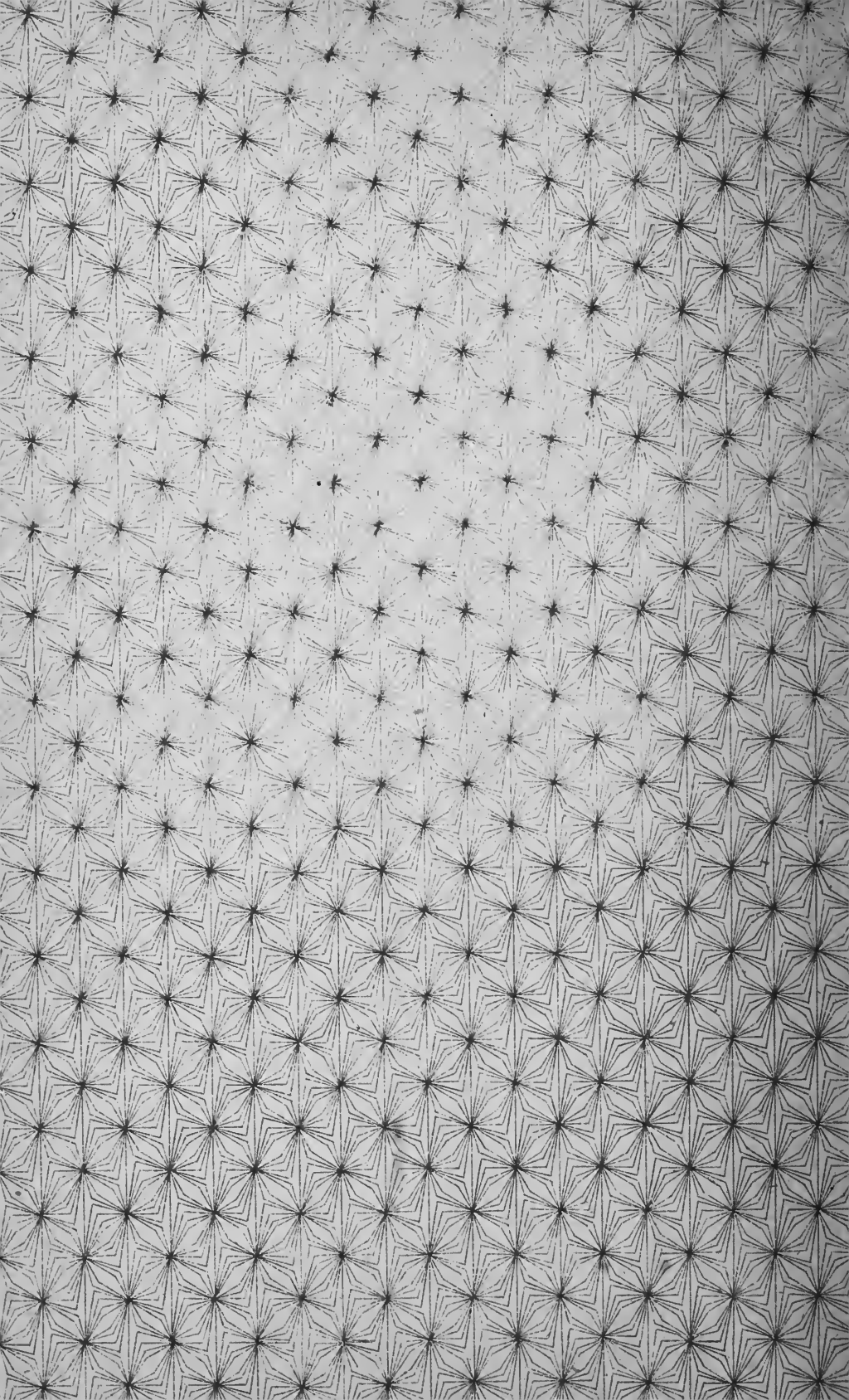
“ Lift up thy voice with singing,” thou who once wast
chained and dumb !

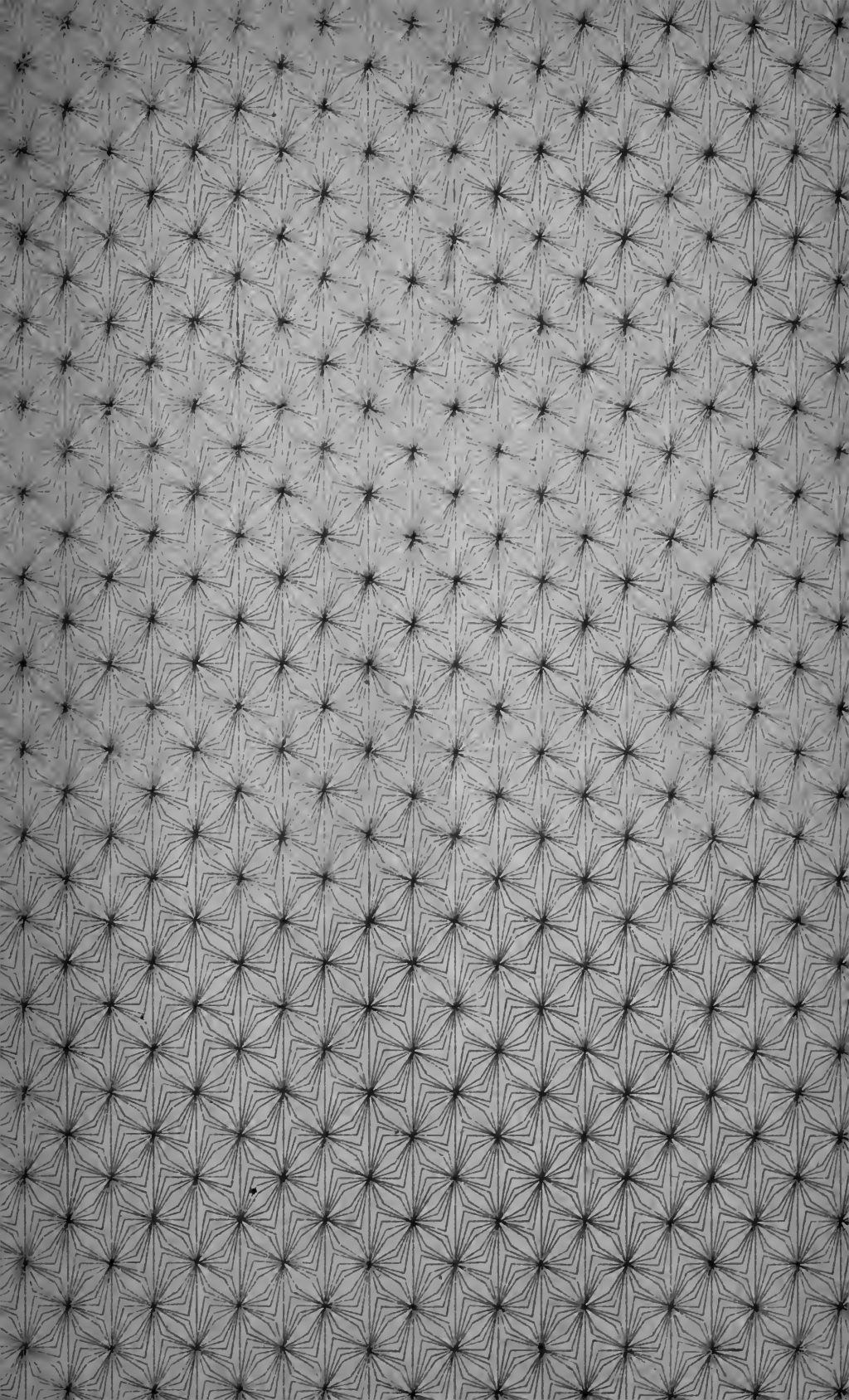
Stand in thy glistening garments veiled in His humility,
Thou Bride of Christ, all pure within, His glory crown-
ing thee !











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